LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For JUNE, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—Morning Walking Dress.

A plain round gown of French cambric, or jaconot muslin; long sleeve, wrapt front, and spenser back. Open shirt, frilled round the neck with scolloped lace. Mountain hat of straw, or Imperial chip, trimmed with jonquille ribband. Shoes and gloves to correspond. Flemish mantle of twill sarsnet. Gold hoop earrings; and patent parasol of shaded green.

No. 2.—Full Dress.

A round robe of white Italian crape over white sarsnet; with frock back, plain sleeve, and pointed front; trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves with an elegant border, composed of the pearl bead, blended with green foil and gold. The robe confined at the centre of the bosom with a brooch formed of a single pearl. One row of the same forms the necklace, which is fastened with an emerald snap. Hoop earrings, and bracelets to correspond. Hair *à la-Madona* on the forehead, twisted behind, and flowing in full curls on the crown of the head; a bunch of white roses in front, inclining towards the right side. Gloves of French kid; shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. Square shawl of Chinese silk, with a rich pointed border; finished at each point with correspondent tassels. The style of wearing this graceful ornament is, simply giving it a twist from the cross corners, and flinging it negligently over the left shoulder; thus one point ornaments the figure behind, while the others, falling irregularly, form a drapery on the left side, and gracefully occupy the right hand. Chinese fan of frosted crape, with ivory sticks, carved in Egyptian characters.

No. 3.—Parisian Full Dress.

A round train dress of India muslin of the clearest texture, worn over a white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom, and up the front, with a rich border composed of ruby foil, and gold embroidery; long waist and stiff stay; the dress formed with a round bosom, and cut so low as greatly to expose the bust; the back simply drawn to a point at the extremity of the waist behind, and finished with a short sash of white satin. A full sleeve, ornamented towards the bottom with a roll and tuft of satin, finished at the extreme edge, round, and across the bosom with a full trimming of the same, or with plaitings of French net. Hair in the Eastern style, formed of the cable braid, bound and twisted on the forehead in alternate bands and knots, confined in a similar style behind with a caul of gold net. Earrings and necklace of rubies, set transparent, and linked with gold bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves; and white satin shoes, with gold rosets.

No. 4.—Walking, or Carriage Costume.

A Cossack spenser and cap of lilac twill sarsnet, ornamented with silk frogs, cords, and tassels of the same colour; high collar, and sleeve with full tops. A plain round dress of cambric, or simply open-hemmed at the bottom, or let in with work or lace. Straw-coloured kid gloves, and shoes the colour of the spenser. Large parasol of the Eastern form.

SELECT DELINEATIONS
OF THE
MOST PREVAILING FASHIONS,
OBTAINED FROM OUR USUAL SOURCES OF TASTE AND ELEGANCE.

In our last Number, inspired by hope and promise, we dwelt on the progressive loveliness of returning Spring; we lingered with fond expectation on the budding foliage, and viewed with pleasure, heightened by anticipation, the bursting blossom, herald of coming splendour. The rich and glowing beauties of the expanded foliage, the blossom ripened into full maturity, and rich in gay luxuriance, now arrests the admiring eye. The face of nature wears one universal smile, and beauty, magnificence, and grace reign alike in the animal and vegetable kingdom. The charms of the country, and the pleasures of the town, now hold forth their rival claims; and while Flora invites by her gay and rural fragrance, and soothes to calm tranquillity the bosom agitated with worldly cares, the Goddess of Fashion and Pleasure offers mingled scenes of splendour and delight. The enchanting witcheries of grace and beauty surround their festive board, and the heart willingly surrenders itself at the shrine of taste and loveliness, taken captive by the eye and the ear.

Nothing can exceed in attractive elegance the present race of our fashionable fair; rich in a tasteful invention, and unrivalled in amiability, grace, and beauty, they offer examples every way worthy of imitation. In our grand assemblies of rank and fashion, there is every charm which can engage the eye or captivate the heart. In our theatres, in the Park and Gardens (where in this land of liberty the peasant is as free as his lord), the eye wanders from object to object, till admiration is lost in a chaos of delight. In the Gardens, (that place of fashionable resort and public display) the softened charm of the country mingles with the splendour of a rich, tasteful, and flourishing metropolis. We never recollect a period when this last-mentioned spot exhibited a more brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion than at this present season.

The out-door costume of our fashionable females, was never more tastefully selected—it is at once various and attractive. We shall endeavour to delineate such as appeared to us most novel and striking. And amidst these we must remark the Hungarian vest, the Spanish mantle, Cossack spenser, Grecian scarf, and French coat. The latter article is particularly described in our last Number; the Hungarian vest is perhaps the most graceful and elegant ornament of the kind that was ever offered at the shrine of taste and fashion. It is of too fanciful a formation to allow of a minute representation, but we offer to our readers such a description as its fanciful structure will best afford. The one which attracted our notice was formed of a silver lilac, or shot sarsnet, and the effect in front is somewhat resembling the spenser, having a high collar and long sleeve; but a mantle, or scarf, is suspended from the left shoulder with a few gathers, crossing the back plain behind, and flowing in the form of the hood worn by our Masters of Arts, except that it wraps over the adverse side, is fastened with a belt of a gathered silk across the bosom; and the whole of the mantle is trimmed round with a border of silk in reversed gathers. On a tall and elegant figure, nothing can outvie the very distinguishing effect of this article. The bonnet worn with it was the Foley poke, formed of the same material as the vest. The Spanish mantle is a species of the Gipsy, or Spanish cloak of established celebrity; but is much shorter, is formed of sarsnet, cut to a point behind, and sloped square on each side, till it meets the bend of the elbow; it is formed with pointed capes, nearly resembling those of the Polish pelice given in our winter Prints of Fashion; the cape and cloak are trimmed entirely round with a border of the same material in reversed gathers. This very neat and ingenious trimming is the most novel and select finish for all kinds of coats, spensers, and mantles that has come within our observation for a length of time. Before we quit this article of attire, we will give to our fair correspondents the only ornament in the style of a scarf which has struck us as worthy of notice — It is composed of a simple width of muslin, coloured or white, is two yards and a quarter long, and one yard wide; it is doubled in form of a roll at the edge, and immediately above is placed a ribband of correspondent hue with the scarf, laid flat all round, and at each corner is fixed a tassel in form of an acorn. This scarf is thrown over the left shoulder, crosses the back, and passing under the left arm, is brought over the bosom, and meets at the opposite corner, where it is confined with a diamond pin.— Thus disposed, the ends on the left side nearly reach the feet in irregular folds, and the right constitutes a short pointed tunic. Many of our fashionable *belles* have this scarf formed of lace, or crape, embroidered tastefully at the edge, and placed as above, over a white satin under-dress; this forms a most elegant drawing-room costume. Little alteration has taken place in the style of full dress since our last communication. French aprons over sarsnet gowns, ornamented with natural flowers, are still considered fancifully elegant. Robes of jonquille Italian crape over white satin, and frocks of lilac muslin, with white sarsnet or satin slips, are the distinguishing selection

of the fashionable and youthful female. The bosoms of full dresses are universally made so high as to ask no aid from the neckerchief; but we still look in vain for a modest veil to shade the back and the shoulders. We cannot conceive how the sex can so degenerate from their wonted ideas of taste, judgment, and delicacy, as to continue this unbecoming display. We lament the more exceedingly this impolitic and gross custom; as in other instances the taste and elegance of our English *Belles* stand at this moment unrivalled. The costume *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, is at this moment selected by a few individuals whose rank and fortunes give them a title to that singularity, which in a more obscure situation, would be out of place and unbecoming. But as this style of decoration can never be consistently adopted by the many, we recommend the simple frill of double vandyke lace, gathered easily full round the back and terminating at the corner of each shoulder in front. With either muslin or coloured crape dresses, this embellishment is highly advantageous to the figure. Sashes generally form a part of the evening dress; they are of three kinds. The short sash of ribbon simply tied behind. The long sash terminating on the left side with acorn tassels; and the Persian sash *à la militaire*; but it should be remembered that a sash of any kind can only be a graceful appendage to a plain dress. It is but an aukward incumbrance where any kind of drapery is introduced; and when the robes are ornamented up the front, it is a supernumerary which destroys one pleasing effect without producing another. In the article of hats and bonnets, we are enabled to give an extensive communication. Hats of the satin, straw, or imperial chip of the Gipsy form, with the bee-hive crown, together with the cottage bonnet and provincial poke, are the morning wear of such females as would exhibit an external distinguishing, retired, and elegant; but the French bonnet of coloured sarsnet, fancifully and variously formed, is the most novel and select for the evening, or carriage costume. Nothing can be more simply attractive, than these very becoming ornaments. It would occupy too much space to dwell minutely on this article; suffice it that they are generally of the irregular poke form, shallow or deep, as best suits with the countenance or taste of the wearer; they are generally ornamented with French puffing; but as this is considered by many too set and formal a trimming for the edge, a full roll of puckered sarsnet, not unfrequently supplies its place. With these bonnets are sometimes seen the large flowing tippet, or cottage whisk, composed of the same material, trimmed with thread lace. Morning dresses are made high in the neck, with a deep scolloped collar, which is confined round the throat with a sarsnet ribbon tied in short bows, with ends reaching below the waist, finished with the cone, or acorn tassel. If the morning dress is made low in the neck, then the embroidered habit shirt is considered as indispensable. These shirts are an article which it will be long before fashion relinquishes; for the female who may have declined, the exposure of the neck and throat, will in vain search for an ornament of such becoming or consistent elegance. Trinkets vary little since our last communication. Brooches for the bosom and throat are still a fashionable appendage. Diamonds and pearls, when set after the modern taste, are amidst those valuable and choice ornaments which will never be old. Garnets, rubies, and emeralds, are universally set transparent. Seed coral, and pearl of the cable form, with the barrel snap, are much worn for necklaces and bracelets; and the earring in every thing but brilliants is most fashionable of the hoop form. Shoes in a general way are of jean or kid, the colour of the hat or mantle. In the evening dress they are usually of painted kid; white jean or satin with gold or silver rosets. Gloves, except in full dress, are entirely an article of choice; but the Limerick, York tan, and white kid, are those selected by the female of taste and propriety. The most prevailing colours for the season are, pale or spot lilac primrose, apple blossom and pea-green.

LETTER ON DRESS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE FASHIONS FOR KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Sunday Night, May 24, 1807.

I was at church in the morning, dear Julia, and heard a most comfortable discourse on the virtues of benevolence, and charity, &c. &c. and not finding any interdiction to harmless recreation, at three o'clock I willingly accompanied my tonish cousins to that splendid resort of beauty and fashion, called Kensington Gardens. A packet is, I find, going to Cornwall to-morrow, and though not exactly according with the rules of the vicarage, I trust I may be pardoned this once, devoting the present evening to friendship, fashion, and you. In all my letters, dear Julia, I have endeavoured to give you a faithful detail of the fashions and customs of that world I have for many months been destined to inhabit, and when I seal up my packets, so full of variety, I feel no despair of procuring any novel communication for my subsequent epistles. But so fertile in taste and invention is the ever varying Goddess, and so rich in splendour and elegance are our *Belles* at this gay season, that I am more puzzled with the redundancy than pained by the scantiness of her offerings. Had that wish (ever near my

heart) been realized, and my dear Truro friend been at my elbow, how should I have enjoyed to behold her *all eye*, at the brilliant assemblage which this dazzling scene displays. Here, dear Julia, the chesnut blooms, the beech, and lime, and towering oak, combine to grace with the rich luxuriance of rural loveliness, the genius of taste, beauty, and art; and to render this place the most delightful *coup d'œil* that can enchant a wandering novice. Do not tell the dear inhabitants of my native home! but, dear Julia, I have been engaged every day for these three weeks past at assemblies, routs, dinner parties, operas, exhibitions, &c. &c.—pleasure pursues me in her various pleasing forms, and enchains me in her silken fetters. So delusive, so soft, and delightful is the bondage, that I look forward to my emancipation with trembling. Oh! dear friend, how shall I endure stupid Truro after all this fascinating elegance? You alone can reconcile me on my return. You alone, did I say? Ah! no—My kind, indulgent, ever beloved parents, will endear the most desolate spot; for though alive to pleasure, pleasure has not contaminated the sensibilities of nature, or choked the avenues of affection and gratitude—Heaven forbid it should! for all the splendid, gay delights which riches, rank, or beauty can procure, or pleasure's votaries know, are but a wretched substitute for those pure and chastened emotions of the soul, excited and kept up by friendship and love. But I wander from my subject; let me then return, however abruptly, to those delineations which are to form the chief feature of my letter, and which will, I know, insure it a more welcome reception, than sentimental reflections, however apt, or descantations, however sage. Well then, dear Julia, to begin!—Cousin Mary was allowed to be the best drest woman in the Gardens; and aspiring me, (who may naturally be expected to improve from so bright an original) was not amidst the worst. Mary wore a French coat, on an entirely new construction, formed of pea-green Italian grape, of the most pliant texture, with wove satin spots. It was open on one side the figure, where it was tied at regular distances with ribbons of shaded green. The capes were *à la Spanish*, edged with shaded chord; and a rich girdle, and tassels, to correspond. With this Grecian coat is usually worn a short dress of cambric; and I will here, dear Julia, take occasion to remark that, no walking dresses are seen on females of taste and elegance, with a train; these graceful appendages being now entirely confined to their proper sphere—the drawing room. The hat worn by Mary with this coat, was a large Gipsy chip, painted at the edge in a border of the hop blossom; a wreath of which ornamented the crown. Mary is tall; and possesses that necessary auxiliary to height, finely rounded limbs, and a graceful carriage; her countenance is at once blooming with youth, and health; at the same time that her features convey an expression of great sweetness, interest, and intellect. You may guess how much this style of costume was calculated to exhibit her beauty to advantage. For myself, dear Julia, my habit was as it best became me, simple and unobtrusive; if therefore I did attract, it was from the reflected lustre of my very lovely cousin. I wore a plain French coat of silver lilac sarsnet, unornamented with scarf or vest, and only simply finished at the edge with a cord of the same colour. The extreme heat of the day compelled me to throw it open in front; and indeed, might have led us to relinquish these articles entirely; but fashion, you know, is ever arbitrary; or as our good squire would say, "Pride feels no smart." And indeed, dear Julia, had you seen the throng of *Belles* wrapt in sarsnet, and caged to the chin in plaited ruffs, if your conviction had not paid tribute to the Squire's adage, you must, at least have acknowledged, that their kindly dissolving natures had excited general sympathy, while you observed the surrounding *beaus*, gazing, in melting mood, on so much yielding loveliness. But I digress! Well! to take up my subject where I left it. My coat, worn open in front, exhibited a frock of jaconet muslin, embroidered at the bottom in a vandyke border, fancifully diversified with open leaves of lace. In front appeared a sash, formed of ribband the colour of the coat, with very short bows, and ends nearly to reach the bottom of the frock. My little French bonnet was of the same colour, formed of alternate lace and ribband, in French puffings, tastefully contrasted and disposed. I must add, that I have seldom seen any thing of the kind more simply elegant. I have commanded one to be immediately forwarded to you, of the apple blossom satin; and as the increasing warmth and brightness of a summer's sun will soon oblige us to relinquish the sarsnet coat, for the lighter article of muslin, I thought it more judicious to choose, for my fair friend, a Grecian scarf of Moravian muslin, which I have ordered to be trimmed all round with a shaded ribband of blossom and dove-colour, with correspondent tassels. I trust that you will admire my consideration, when I tell you that this scarf may not only be worn over your shoulders, as an out-door covering, with your bonnet, but may be disposed as a drapery (agreeably to the description contained in the list of general remarks, already in your possession), and worn over your white sarsnet round dress: it will thus form a most graceful evening appendage. We are going, on Thurs-

day, to the Countess of D——'s grand assembly; it is expected to be the most splendid thing of the season. Upwards of six hundred cards are issued for the occasion. Our dresses are already ordered. They are as follows:—

Mary's is a round dress of white crape, over white satin, with a rich border of the water lily in gold. The body is of white satin, with ornaments of point lace, and edgings of narrow gold trimming. She will wear her hair in irregular curls on the crown of the head; and flowing in ringlets on the left side, so as to play on the shoulder, divided in front of the forehead with a diamond star, representing the passion-flower.—My dress is a round gown of white sarsnet, with a French lace put easily full at the feet. A French apron of Paris net, trimmed all round, and at the pockets, with wreaths of jessamine; the bosom and sleeves correspondently ornamented. My hair in loose curls, confined with braids on one side, and ornamented with a wreath formed of pearl and green foil, representing the jessamine. My trinkets are of seed pearls, with emerald snaps; and my shoes of white satin, with silver rosets. The bosoms of our respective dresses are of the gored corset form, seamed with a trimming *de même*, that which decorates the robes. Indeed, amidst the round, square, and *demi-wrap* fronts, these, selected by us, are considered pre-eminently fashionable, and becoming to the form.

The hair, dear Julia, is much worn in full dress, variously disposed, and ornamented, with a handkerchief of lace, bandeaus, stars, and demi-wreaths. The diadem and tiara have had their day. A few turbans of plain white, or silver muslin, worn on the forehead in the Chinese form, have been lately introduced: they are either ornamented with deep bands of gold or silver, or twisted with large white beads. The cap, *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, is entirely of recent date. It is singular, and with some particular style of features, may produce an advantageous effect. It is at present an article confined to a few fanciful individuals.

Vandyke frills, round the back and shoulders of dress gowns, are now much in vogue. Mary has scarcely an evening dress without them. No ornament gives a more becoming finish to the bust; and while it dresses consistently and elegantly the back and shoulders, it has the effect of lessening the appearance of the waist at the bottom.

Before I bid you good night, I will endeavour to give you a practical description of the new ruff, now almost indispensable to the morning and out-door costume. (And I beg you to remember, dear Julia, that nothing is considered so vulgar, and indecorous, as to exhibit the bosom, throat, or arms, with the above-mentioned habiliments.) This ruff has about half an ell of broad lace, fulled into a band of narrow raised needle work, little larger than the size of the throat. A band of muslin is gathered full on the other edge of the work, about an eighth in depth, and finished with a row of similar needle-work at the bottom. The lace, which sits high and straight round the chin, is finely crimped; and the full muslin, confined by the rows of work, sits in hollow gathers round the throat. When the habit shirt is made without a collar, or with the high morning dress, this elegant ruff is particularly convenient and becoming. Most cambric and muslin dresses are now made with the French pockets; and I have seen no embellishment more novel and striking.

Farewell, dear Julia! I look for a page or two of Truro news in return for this, my abundant liberality, not less than a sheet full of friendly sentiments and affectionate solicitudes: but not much, if you please, on the charms of the country; for I am not yet tired of the pleasures of the town.

Adieu! with all possible friendship and affection believe me still your

ELIZA.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES,

INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

[*Concluded from p.* 223.]

ANN.

THE ladies wore the hair in a becoming manner, curled round the face. The flowing coif, or rather veil, of the finest linen, fastened upon the head, fell behind, and prevailed till the high projecting head-dress was restored, after it had been discontinued fifteen years. Swift observed, when dining with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that the Duchess of Grafton, who was there, and wore this unbecoming, ungraceful, Babel head-dress, looked "like a mad woman."

The large necklace was still used though not constantly worn, but the ear-ring was discontinued. The bosom was either entirely exposed, or merely shaded by gauze, an indecency that gave great and equal offence to prudent fathers and ladies whose necks no longer vied in whiteness with the down of swans.

The chemise had a tucker, or border, but that seldom concealed what it ought to have hid. The boddice was open in front, and fastened with gold or silver clasps, or jewellery; the sleeves full,

The large tub hoop made its appearance in this reign, and was of all things the most absurd; however, the apology for its absurdity was its coolness in summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Granger says, "it was no more a petticoat than Diogenes's tub was his breeches."*

The flounces and furbelows which began in this reign, became enormously ridiculous. Embroidered shoes continued in fashion; and both ladies and gentlemen had their gloves richly embroidered.

Queen Ann strictly observed decorum in her dress, and is said to have carried it so far as to appear to have made it her study; and would often condescend to observe in her domestics of either sex, whether a ruffle, or perriwig, or the lining of a coat were appropriate. Lord Bolingbroke was once sent for in haste by the Queen, and went to her Majesty in a ramillie, or tie-wig, instead of a full-bottomed one; which so offended his sovereign, that she said,—"I suppose that his Lordship will come to court the next time in his night-cap."

GEORGE I.

The female sex generally alter their modes of dress most; but as there was no queen in Great Britain, and as the ladies who accompanied his majesty were neither by birth, propriety of conduct, age, or beauty, qualified to make any impression in point of fashion in this country where they were very generally unpopular, their influence did not operate much towards effecting an alteration in female dress or decorations of any kind. Nevertheless the ladies still reduced their shapes, as if to represent some of those insects which seem to have the two ends held together only by a slender union. But the consequence of this tapering was deformity and ill-health; in vain did a Venus de Medicis prove that there is a due proportion to be observed by nature; in vain was it allowed that, amongst unclothed Africans, a crooked woman was as great a rarity as a straight European lady. To Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, the world was obliged for that stiffened pasteboard case called a *pantine*, by which an universal compression ensued, to the destruction of the fine symmetry of the female form, as designed by nature. Spanish broad cloth, trimmed with gold lace, was still in use for ladies' dresses; and scarfs, greatly furbelowed, were worn from the Duchess to the peasant, as were riding-hoods on horseback, and the masks, which continued in use till the following reign, to shield the face from the summer's sun and the winter's wind.

* Swift says, in one of his letters to his friend in Ireland,—"Have you got the whalebone petticoat amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them." Henry IV. of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination, by hiding himself under his queen's (Margaret of Valois) hoop. Every thing, however preposterous, may be made useful.

ON RIVALRY.

Those who think that Rivalry is a source of hatred and quarrels among men, will find themselves undeceived when they judge of things not according to the first appearance they assume, but to the state in which we behold them, when experience has torn off the veil which concealed truth from our eyes. It will then be seen, on the contrary, at least in many cases, to join two persons together in the bonds of friendship: for what is required to render friendship more sincere and more lasting, but a similarity of tastes and inclinations? And whatever be the end to which we bend our exertions, whether it be the possession of a fine woman, the acquirement of a talent and science, or of a lucrative employment, still having constantly the same object in view, holding it in the same estimation, feeling the same wish of succeeding in its attainment, and probably following the same path towards it, will necessarily lead them to a close resemblance of each other, and pave the way to their future intimacy. They must incessantly meet together, and provided their temper be not unamiable, jealousy will not be powerful enough to blind them to the consciousness of their respective merit, and to blast effectually every seed of justice in their hearts, as to render them unable to acknowledge it. The longing they feel of excelling each other, induces them to pry more minutely into every quality or perfection they possess, and therefore they descry the most hidden virtues of their souls, which are not perhaps equally apparent to those who have not the same interest in watching them. As they pursue the same course, the same ideas must start up in their minds, their conversation proves equally useful to both, and the emulation which impels them to display all their faculties, causes them to shine with brighter lustre in the eyes of the world. It may be said on the other side, that Rivalry has directed the hand of the first murderer, that Cain and Abel, Eteocles and Polynice, were, by her inspiration, taught to revel in the blood of their adversaries; but these characters had received from nature more violent passions, than those which agitate the breasts of our modern *beaux*, and the manners of the times

in which their crimes were perpetrated, were not calculated to teach them lessons of humanity.

Lucretia reigns like a sovereign over the hearts of those who surround her; numberless subjects await her nod, and try to gratify all her wishes as soon as they are made known, they are even able to guess them. The direction of her affairs never was so wisely and so securely placed as in the hands of her admirers; they are the most disinterested lawyers and agents that ever have been met with, for the only reward they demand for their trouble is a look, or the permission of continuing their exertions. They seem to be a family of brothers instead of rivals, and the cause of their union is the belief that none is more successful than the rest.

Lucretia displays all her art in order not to dispel this pleasing illusion, and success has constantly attended her line of conduct. Every one longs to divine her least important wishes, and to acquire a higher title to her favour by hastening to fulfil them. She has made a particular study of their tempers, and according to the result of her observations, classifies them, so as to lay open before them the career in which their talents are most calculated to shine: thus the company she receives is like an instrument, the keys of which she knows how to strike harmoniously. Far from imitating the coquettes who think it an honour to be the cause of quarrels, she employs all her influence in preserving peace and order among her suitors; and, like the sun, which keeps in equipoise the worlds that roll around it, she is the centre of attraction, around which all the *beaux* are equally drawn and move in regular orbits. If one be absent from her, and meet with his rival, he will feel no sentiment of jealousy, but gladness at being able to converse on the same subject with a person who is as deeply interested in her welfare as himself.

Rivalry, in what regards the powers of the mind, is not always a source of mutual aversion; two rival authors are in general desirous of pleasing each other, when in company together, by yielding up voluntarily the palm of talent, in order to shew themselves more worthy of it; and as though they did not acknowledge their respective merit in public, they feel it, when in solitude they see truth naked; the hope of profiting by each other's conversation is another motive for their becoming closely acquainted.

In a word, it is only among women and slaves that Rivalry is never forgotten or forgiven.

BIRTHS.

In Grosvenor square, Lady Ann Ashley Cooper, lady of the Hon. Cropley Ashley Cooper, M. P. of a son.

In Charlotte-square, the Lady of Sir John Sinclair, of Ulbster, Bart. of a daughter.

The Hon. Mrs. Vansittart, of a son and heir.

In Grosvenor-square, Lady Stanley, of a daughter.

In Spring Gardens, the Right Hon. the Countess of Berkeley, of a daughter.

At Mr. Perceval's, in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, Mrs. Perceval, of a son.

At St. Giles's, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Talbot, of a daughter.

In London, Lady Howick, of a son.

At her mother's house, the Duchess of Rutland, in Sackville-street. Piccadilly, Lady Catherine Forrester, of a son.

At the Earl of Derby's house, Golden-square, Lady Stanley, of a daughter.

In Gower-street, the wife of Captain Jonathan Birch, of a daughter.

A poor woman at Sunderland was delivered of three children, all likely to live.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Lord Chartley, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, to Miss Gardner, daughter of W. D. Gardner, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street.

At Mary-le-Bone Church, Major General the Hon. Charles Hope, to Miss Finch Hatton, eldest daughter of George Finch Hatton, Esq. of Eastwell Park, Kent.

Lately, at Messina, in Sicily, Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, Quarter-Master-General to the British Army in that Island, to Miss Louisa Fox, eldest daughter of General Fox, and niece to the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox.

Lately, at Zante, Count Antonio Comuto, Prince and President of the Ionian Republic, to Miss Ellena Foresti, daughter of Spiridion Foresti, Esq. British Resident in the Seven Islands.

In London, Robert Heathcote, Esq. (brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote) to Miss Searle of Covent-Garden theatre.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Colonel Crewe, son of Lord Crewe, of Crewe Hall, in the county of Chester, to Miss Hungerford, of Cavendish-square, and of Calne, in Wiltshire.

In Dublin, C. Aldrich, Esq. of 50th regt. to Miss Blake, sister to the Countess of Errol.

At Edinburgh, Robert Fraser, Esq. to Lady Anne Maitland, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

The Rev. Thomas Woodforde, of Ashford, Somersetshire, to Miss Braithwaite, of the Royal Infirmary, Greenwich.

DIED.

Lawrence Harman Parsons, Earl of Ross, Viscount Ormanstown, and Baron Ormanstown. His Lordship married Lady Jane King, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Kingston, by whom he has left one daughter, who is married to Lord Erris, the nephew of the Countess, and who now inherits the immense fortune, real and personal, of her late father.

At Edinburgh, Lady Maxwell, relict of Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, Bart. and mother of the Duchess of Gordon.

At Windsor, the Rt. Rev. John Douglas, Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

At Salthill, the Duke of Montpensier, brother to the Duke of Orleans, first Prince of the blood-Royal of France.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Knolls, second daughter of the Earl of Banbury.

At Osborn's Hotel, Sir James Durno, lately his Majesty's Consul at Memel, &c.

At his seat near Castle-Martyr, in Ireland, after a tedious illness, the Earl of Shannon.

At Vienna, Count Stahremberg, father of Count Stahremberg, the Austrian Ambassador in this country.

At a very advanced age, Mrs. Kemble, relict of the late Roger Kemble, Esq. and mother of that family who are properly considered as the great supports of the modern Stage.

At Ramsgate, Charles Dilly, Esq. formerly an eminent bookseller in London.

At the Hague, in the 98th year of his age, Joseph Vanderdeirson, of some considerable wealth, who never intermeddled in the revolutions or politics of his country. It is farther added, that he never was known to go out of his house for upwards of forty years; nor of any thing going into or out of it, by his nearest neighbours.

At the Hague, on the 15th inst. the Prince Royal, Napoleon Charles, in his fifth year. This is the youth who it was intended should be the successor of the French Emperor.

In New Burlington-street, after a long and most severe illness, the Right Hon. Lady Walpole.

At her house in Bath, in the 81st year of her age, Lady Gibbons, relict of the late Sir John Gibbons, Bart. K. B. and mother of the present Sir Wm. Gibbons, Bart.

At Paris, in the 85th year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, Baroness of Stafford, only surviving daughter and heir of William Earl of Stafford, who died in 1734. She was sole heir of the body of Sir Wm. Howard, Viscount Stafford, the only married younger son of the present Duke of Norfolk's ancestor, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. She was also sole heir of the body of that Viscount's wife, Mary Stafford, Baroness of Stafford; and through her sole heir of the body of Edward, the last Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, hereditary Lord High Constable of England, who was sole heir of the body of King Edward the Third's youngest son, Thomas Plantagenet, of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and of his wife, Lady Eleanor Bohun, eldest daughter and co-heir of the last Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton, and Lord High Constable of England; and whose younger sister was wife of King Henry the Fourth, but from whose body there was an entire failure of issue on the death of her grandson, King Henry the Sixth.

Notwithstanding the accumulation of Plantagenet, Bohun, and Stafford heirships, which became centered in Lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, she was disabled by the attainder of her ancestor, the last Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, from possessing any of the family dignities, except the Stafford Barony. She died without having ever been married. Her heir is Sir William Jerningham, Bart. whose grandmother was sister of the before-mentioned William, Earl of Stafford.

At his house in Queen-street, Brompton-road, Nicholas Bond, Esq. upwards of twenty years one of the Sitting Magistrates at the Public Office in Bow-street, being appointed to that situation upon the demise of the late Sir John Fielding.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Eighteenth Number.

MARCHIONESS CORNWALLIS.

LOUISA, Marchioness Cornwallis, is the fourth daughter of the present Duke and Duchess of Gordon. She was born in the year 1778, and married April the 17th, 1797, to Charles, the present Marquis Cornwallis, at that time Viscount Brome. The issue of this marriage has been four daughters.

Her Ladyship is allied, by the different marriages of her sisters, with the most illustrious families in England. Her eldest sister is the present Duchess of Manchester;—another is the present Duchess of Richmond, who has accompanied her husband to Dublin, as Viceroy of Ireland.—Of her youngest sister, Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, a slight biographical account appeared in the Fifteenth Number of this Magazine, with an exquisitely engraven Portrait of her Grace.

When we consider the youth of the Marchioness Cornwallis, it must necessarily be evident to our readers, that a quiet and domestic life of a few years, without any but a succession of occurrences common to ladies in her rank, can have very little interest as a piece of biography.

It is not in the ordinary details of daily life, the petty occurrences and vicissitudes of the drawing-room and tea-table, that matter of sufficient dignity can be derived to constitute biography.—As a public character we can perhaps say little more of the Marchioness, than that she usually makes one in the train of the Court, and is more particularly honoured by the private intimacy and confidence of her Majesty and the Princesses.

She supports, moreover, her elevated rank in a style correspondent with its dignity. Her spirit is magnificent and liberal, and she has all those qualities of nobility which are so well suited to captivate public admiration, and justify the pre-eminence which her birth and fortune have bestowed.

In her private conduct, the character of this lady is peculiarly amiable—she is an exemplary wife, and an affectionate mother. In person, the Marchioness is tall, graceful, and well proportioned, and skilled in all those accomplishments which are suitable to her rank, and the ornaments of her sex.

MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE II. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

SOPHIA AUGUSTA FREDERICA (afterwards Catherine II.), was born at Stettin, May 2d, 1729. Her father, Christian Augustus of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg (a small district in Upper Saxony), was Major-general in the Prussian service, Commander-in-chief of the regiments of infantry, and governor of the town and fortress of Stettin. Her mother, a woman of talents, born Princess of Holstein, was the friend and correspondent of Frederic Prince Royal of Prussia. Intelligence and vivacity characterised the young Sophia, who was educated under the eye of her mother: her temper was commanding, and her manners dignified; in her childish sports with her companions, she assumed to herself the direction and control with a spirit and firmness that admitted of no appeal. By a lady of rank, to whom she was personally known at that period, she is thus described: "Her deportment was good; her figure large for her years; her countenance, to which her gaiety and courtesy gave an additional charm, without being beautiful, was agreeable. Her education had been conducted wholly by her mother, who, watching her strictly, carefully repressed that propensity to pride which she early discovered. She was, from her childhood, taught to salute the ladies who visited the Princess, with those marks of respect which became her years."

Three years after the appointment of Peter to the succession, by the Empress Elizabeth, by whom he had been called to Russia for the purpose, it was determined to marry him. Sophia, Princess of Anhalt Zerbst, was selected, on this occasion, by Elizabeth, for his consort.

Brought up under the eye of a sensible mother, at no great distance from the court of Frederic, the seat of the sciences and arts, Catherine had, to a strong and comprehensive mind, added extensive knowledge, and a facility of expressing herself, in several languages, with elegance and grace. With an excellent heart and some understanding, the education of Peter had been wholly neglected; deficient in those graces and accomplishments, and in that cultivation of mind, which so eminently distinguished his wife, he felt her superiority and blushed, while she repined at the fate which had united her to a man so little worthy of her, and so ill suited to contribute to her happiness or improvement. Their mutual disgust, which daily increased, became at length but too visible to the court.

Peter had, from the moment of his arrival, been beheld with distrust by the principal Russian families: among the most determined of his enemies was the chancellor Bestucheff, who, having formed the design of excluding him from the throne, occupied himself incessantly respecting the means by which it was to be effected. Without flattering himself with his complete disinheritance, he sought to banish him to the camps and armies, and to place Catherine at the head of affairs.

Catherine, in the mean time, guided by a shrewd and vigilant mother, insinuated herself into the favour of the most considerable persons of the court: ambition triumphed in her mind over every inferior propensity, and enabled her to extort, by the propriety of her conduct, the esteem of those whose affection she failed to conciliate.

The health of the Empress was evidently declining; her infirmities, added to her natural indolence, rendered her more than ever negligent of the affairs of government; the remnant of her strength and spirits was wasted in dissipation. The idle tales of the irregularities of her nephew were, in this situation, listened to by Elizabeth with eager credulity: she seemed to seek in these accounts some palliation of her own excesses; while she treated the Duke with indifference and coldness.

Catherine, roused by the impending fate of the Empress, and intent on conciliating popular favour, had covered her ambition under the mask of religion: her time was chiefly occupied in frequenting the churches, in performing the exteriors of devotion, and in joining the prayers for the restoration of Elizabeth. Ignorant of the views of Panin for her interest, of which he had imprudently neglected to inform her, she had, for the last few days, employed herself in drawing up the form of the proclamation by which Peter was to be appointed to the sovereign power, with the oath to be taken by the troops. Priding herself on the elegance of her style and composition, and anticipating the admiration which her performance would excite, she chose not to sacrifice her labours. And the Duke having sent his chamberlain to consult with her in this dilemma, she returned an abrupt reply, importing, that he would do well to conform to the established custom.

At the moment Peter received this answer, the death of Elizabeth was announced, who expired, after a tedious illness and severe sufferings, on Christmas-day, 1761. This event was scarcely known, when the courtiers crowded around the heir, to whom the importance of the moment

gave a temporary firmness. Having addressed with dignity the venal herd, and received the oaths of the officers of his guard, he mounted on horseback, and rode through the streets of Petersburg, distributing money among the populace. The soldiers, flocking about him, exclaiming, "If thou take care of us, we will serve thee with the same fidelity with which we served the good Empress, thy predecessor." The shouts of the people mingled with their acclamations, nor did any symptoms of discontent manifest themselves upon the occasion. The satisfaction of Peter was apparent on his delivery from the severe constraint in which he had so long been held, but he betrayed no signs of indecent joy.

Such, on the accession of Peter to the imperial crown, was the temper of the people. In the proclamation which announced this event to the empire, no mention was made of Catherine or her son, an omission which to some appeared to presage the overthrow of the lineal succession: neither was there any preparation for the coronation at Moscow; a solemnity, rendered by its usage and antiquity, highly impressive to the Russians. Blinded by his infatuation for the King of Prussia, Peter, while yet tottering on the throne, inconsiderately proposed to quit the kingdom, and, for the gratification of an interview with Frederic, to repair to Germany.

In the midst of his feasts and warlike preparations, the Czar had not been unmindful of the Countess of Voronizoff, whose ascendancy over him daily increased: this woman, aspiring in her temper, but of mean talents, aimed, under the tutorage of an ambitious father, to raise herself to the imperial throne. By alternate carcesses, forwardness, and flattery, she induced her lover to renew the promise, made when he was Grand-Duke, of endowing her with the privileges, and placing her in the seat of Catherine. Led by her vanity to boast of this engagement, she found in her imprudence her disappointment and ruin. Her present influence, with the future prospects of which she dared to vaunt, roused the partisans of the Empress, with whom the enemies of her husband united their force. Peter, not less weak and vain, authorised, by his conduct, the boast of his mistress; he no longer affected to conceal his projects against his wife, which involved in them a declaration of the illegitimacy of her son. To cover his conduct with a pretence of justice, and to secure universal consent, he believed he had only to produce testimonies of the infidelities of the Empress. The Countess, apprised by her father of the first amour of Catherine with Soltikoff, had not failed to convey her intelligence to the Czar, who, upon this information, grounded his proofs. Soltikoff, recalled from Hamburg, where he had been appointed minister, was loaded with benefits, and destined by Peter as an instrument in his views. Seduced by the hope of reward, or intimidated by the fear of consequences, he was, without difficulty, rendered subservient to the wishes of his master, who hesitated only while he should choose a successor.

The hopes of Catherine received daily accession from the imprudence of her husband, whose designs against her, though known but in part, emboldened her to dare every thing for their prevention. Dismissed to Peterhoft, she passed her days in one of its most retired apartments, where she meditated the dethronement of Peter: her evenings were devoted to the company of an adherent, converted by her favour into an intrepid conspirator.

To secure a part of the troops, the Princess Dashkoff, under pretence of paying her compliments to some officers of her acquaintance, visited the barracks. It was there she was met by Orloff, when a mutual explanation took place. The Princess, flattering herself with having gained Orloff to her party, suspected not his connection with Catherine, or even that he was known to her: to her fancied acquisition, the brothers of Orloff, with many others long prepared by him for the purpose, were joined.

The succession, and the methods by which the place of the fallen Prince should be supplied, became no less a subject of disputation. Catherine aspired to the vacant throne, and was supported in her pretensions by Orloff and the Princess. That she should be permitted to govern under the title of Regent, was proposed by Panin, while that of Emperor should devolve on her son.

Peter remained yet unsuspicious of all that was passing: lulled into a fatal security, he had in the morning ordered the arrest of an officer, who, faithful to his interest, had the preceding evening hastened to inform him of what was on foot. He had, with his mistress, his favourites, and the women of the court, set out from Oranienbaum, in a calash, for Peterhoff, to be present on the festival of the ensuing day.

During these transactions, Catherine, at the head of her army, had halted at a small public-house by the road side, eight versts from Petersburg; under this humble shelter she reposed for some hours on the cloaks of the officers. Gregory Orloff, at break of day, with a few volunteers, had reconnoitred the environs of Peterhoff: finding there only some peasants, armed with scythes, who had collected the preceding evening, he dispersed them by blows with the flat of his sabre, compelling them to join in the cry of "Long live the Empress."

Peter, informed of her hostile approach, ordered a horse to be prepared, with the design of escaping, alone and disguised, towards the frontiers of

Poland. But, uniformly weak and irresolute, he presently after gave orders for dismantling the little fortress at Oranienbaum, as a mark of submission to the victorious Empress, whose mercy and pardon he implored, in a letter, full of humiliation and abasement. He assured her, that he would resign undisputed, the Imperial crown; that he asked only a pension, and liberty to retire to Holstein. To this address no answer was vouchsafed; the compassion of Catharine, it is not improbable, was stifled by contempt for the pusillanimity of her husband.

The unhappy Peter, after his submission, was conducted to a little imperial retreat at Ropsacha, where, in a retirement known only to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and the soldiers who formed his guard, he had remained six days. On the seventh, Alexius Orloff, with an officer, came with news of his speedy deliverance, and asked permission to dine with him. Wine glasses and brandy were, according to the custom of the country, brought before the dinner; while the officer amused the Czar with conversation, his companion filled the glasses, infusing into that designed for Peter, a poisonous mixture. The Czar having without distrust swallowed the potion, was presently seized with the most cruel pangs: on pretence of relieving his sufferings, his perfidious guests offered him a second glass, which he rejected with reproaches: on his calling aloud for milk, the remorseless assassins again proffered him poison, which they importuned him to swallow. A French valet-de-chambre, attached to his master, now rushed in, into whose arms Peter threw himself. "It was not enough, then," said he in a faint tone of voice, "to prevent me from reigning in Sweden, and to deprive me of the Russian crown—I must also be put to death!" The valet presuming to intercede for his master, the ruffians forced from the room a witness so dangerous, and continued their outrages to the unfortunate victim. In the midst of the tumult, the younger of the Princes of Baratinsky entered, and joined the assassins. Peter had been thrown to the ground by Orloff, who, kneeling on his breast, grasped firmly his throat. The dying monarch, with the strength of desperation, struggled with the monster who held him down, when a napkin, thrown round his neck by the assistant ruffians, put an end, by suffocation, to his resistance and his life.

Various circumstances combined to produce this catastrophe; the murmurs of the populace, the uncertain fidelity of the troops, the difficulty of disposing of a captive so important, added to the hopes and projects which, during his life, would not fail to agitate his friends and adherents. Of her innocence of this atrocious act, the general conduct and character of the Empress seems to afford a presumption; at least it appears probable that, respecting so horrible a service, her partisans would, from decency, forbear to consult her: on a subject so delicate, and of so difficult decision, to lean to the side of candour is the undoubted part of the historian. The victim of his weakness rather than of his vices, it is impossible not to contemplate the fate of Peter with the sincerest commiseration.

By the death of the Emperor Joseph II. Russia was left to contend alone with the Ottomans, and Catherine began to perceive that her victories were ruinous; while too proud to sue for peace of which she felt the necessity, her armies continued their conquests. Great Britain, which had incited the Turks to declare war against Russia, now proposed to itself an advantage in being the mediator of an accommodation. Catherine, on this occasion, maintained the same character of haughty independence which she had supported through the war; and, though determined on concluding a peace with the Turks, managed to obtain the most advantageous conditions. Mr. Fawkner, the British minister, felt her power, and was baffled by her address.

During this negociation, a traveller, connected both by blood and friendship with the illustrious leader of the opposition party in the British Parliament, appeared in Petersburg. The Empress seized this opportunity of shewing a marked disrespect to the British minister. To the traveller she gave, in the presence of his countryman, the place of honour on her right hand; and, on the arrangement of the peace, her presents to the relation of Mr. Fox, of whom, as an orator and a statesman, she expressed her admiration, exceeded in number and value those conferred upon the ambassador.

Catherine, greatly interested in the French Revolution, appeared full of apprehension, lest its principles should find their way into Russia, and subvert the sentiments on which her authority was established. The ambassador of France quitted Petersburg; Catherine, while she censured his opinions, did justice to his talents, to his virtues, and to the amenity of his manners. "I am an aristocrat," said she to him on his taking leave, "for I must carry on my business." The bust of her favourite Voltaire was degraded, nor was that of the English patriot suffered to keep its place. The French in her dominions were compelled, like Hannibal, to swear immortal hatred against the new republic; and to take an oath of allegiance to the pretender to the French monarchy. It is yet a curious fact, that the son of Count Esterhazy, an emigrant, used, at the desire of Catherine, to sing the French patriotic songs at the Hermitage; which sometimes resounded with the *Carmagnole* and *Ca ira*.

One half of Poland, the Crimea, the Kuban, and a part of the frontiers of Turkey, had yielded to the arms or the intrigues of Catherine; but for the usurpation of another rich and populous country she had no need of battles; for the conquest of Courland and Semigallia her intrigues proved sufficient. The nobles were gained over by her emissaries; the people, to elude her oppressions, with which they were wearied out, accepted her protection. The acquisition of Courland proved, from its corn and timber, and its ports on the Baltic, a valuable prize to Russia.

Unsatiated with empire, perpetual measures were taken by Catherine for the annexing to her dominions new kingdoms and states, whose miserable inhabitants were, on resistance, despoiled of the heritage of their fathers, and driven from their native soil.

Her grandson, Alexander, having been married by Catherine to the Princess Louisa of Baden Durlach, she became also desirous of choosing a wife for Constantine. With this view the three daughters of the Prince of Saxe Coburg were invited to her court, and the youngest selected for the consort of the Prince.

But in quiet usurpations, in treaties, and alliances, her restless mind remained unsatisfied. Thirsting for conquest, and inured to the din of war, she turned her arms against Persia. At the head of a numerous force, the brother of the favourite, Zuboff, penetrated into Daghestan, and laid siege to Derbent; the keys of which were delivered to him by the commandant, a venerable old man, 120 years of age, the same who, at the commencement of the century, had surrendered Derbent to Peter I. This triumph received some alloy in a subsequent defeat by the Persian army. But Catherine, not discouraged, gave orders for the reinforcement of the troops, not doubting of their ultimate success.

The hope of obtaining a greater triumph also flattered her pride: the new treaty concluded with Austria and Great Britain, secured to her the assistance of these powers against Turkey: elated with this idea, the period seemed approaching for the accomplishment of her darling plan, that of driving the Ottomans out of Europe, and reigning in Constantinople. Already, in idea, arrived at the summit of her ambition, her visions of greatness experienced a sudden check.—The magnificent Catharine was not immortal.

On the fourth day of November, 1796, the Empress displayed in what was called her *little hermitage* (a small party), uncommon cheerfulness and vivacity. By a vessel from Lubeck she had received news of the French, under Moreau, having been obliged to repass the Rhine. She wrote on this occasion the following humourous note to Cobenzel, the Austrian minister:—"I hasten to inform your excellent excellence, that the excellent troops of the excellent court have given the French an excellent drubbing." She amused herself with rallying and laughing at her grand-ecuyer and first buffoon; but retired somewhat earlier than usual, assigning as a reason, that too much laughing had given her slight symptoms of the colic. She arose the next morning at her accustomed hour, and transacted business with her secretaries; on dismissing the last, she told him to wait in the antichamber, whence she would presently recall him. The secretary, having waited for some time, and hearing no noise in the apartment, began to grow uneasy. He at last opened the door, and beheld, to his surprise and terror, the Empress stretched on the floor, between the two doors leading from the alcove to her closet. She was already without sense or motion. The secretary, on this spectacle, ran to the favourite, whose apartment was above: physicians were sent for, and an universal consternation prevailed. A mattress was spread near the window, on which Catherine was laid; bleeding, bathing, and every means usually resorted to on such occasions, were employed, by which some effect seemed to be produced. She was still alive, but without any other perceptible motion or sign than the beating of her heart. Every one was eager to dispatch a messenger to Paul; the brother of the favourite was the person employed in this service. The situation of the Empress was, till eleven o'clock, her accustomed hour of seeing her family, kept secret from the Grand-Dukes and from the household; every one feared to mention his apprehensions; her death was considered as the epoch of some extraordinary revolution; the court first, and presently the city, were in a state of the most alarming agitation.

The Grand-Duke was absent on the arrival of the messenger; six couriers met in the same instant: Paul was, with his court, gone a few miles to inspect a mill constructed by his orders. On receiving the intelligence, he appeared to be affected; asked a thousand questions, gave instant orders for his journey, and proceeded rapidly to Petersburg; where, arriving with his consort at eight in the evening, he found the palace in confusion. The courtiers crowded around him; the favourite, a prey to grief and terror, had relinquished the reins of empire.

Paul, accompanied by his family, repaired to the chamber of his mother; who, without shewing any consciousness, still existed. The young princes and princesses, dissolved in tears, formed around their grandmother an affecting groupe. The Grand-Duchesses, the gentlemen and ladies of the court, remained through the night waiting the last sigh of the Empress; the following day

passed in the same anxious solicitude. Catherine, still breathing, remained in a kind of lethargy; she even moved one of her feet, and pressed the hand of one of her women. About ten in the evening she appeared suddenly to revive; a terrible rattling was heard in her throat; the family crowded around her; when, uttering a piercing shriek, she expired, thirty-seven hours after her first seizure. She betrayed no symptom of pain till the moment before her decease: a prosperous life was terminated by a happy death.

The young Grand-Duchesses bewailed in their grandmother the source whence all their pleasure flowed; the ladies and courtiers who had enjoyed her private society, and experienced the captivation of her manners, paid a tribute of tears to her loss; the happy evenings of the hermitage, the freedom and pleasure which Catherine so well knew how to diffuse, were contrasted by them with the military constraint and formal etiquette which were likely to succeed. The domestics of the Empress sincerely mourned a good and generous mistress, whose mild and equal temper, superior to petty caprices or sudden gusts of passion, whose noble and dignified character, had rendered their services equally easy and pleasant.

Catharine still retained, though seventy years of age, the vestiges of beauty. She was of the middle stature, and, carrying her head high, appeared tall; her hair was auburn, her eye-brows dark, and her eyes blue; her countenance, though not deficient in expression, never betrayed what passed in her mind; a mistress of dissimulation, she knew how to command her features. She became corpulent as she advanced in years, yet her carriage was graceful and dignified. In private she inspired, by her conciliatory manners, confidence and good humour; youth, playfulness, and gaiety appeared to surround her; but in public, and on proper occasions, she knew how to assume the Empress, to appear the 'Semiramis of the North,' and to awe by her frowns. She usually dressed in the Russian mode; she wore a green gown or vest, with close sleeves reaching to the wrist; her hair lightly powdered, and flowing upon her shoulders, was crowned with a small cap covered with diamonds; in the latter periods of her life she put on a great quantity of rouge. In her habits and diet she was strictly temperate; she took a light breakfast, ate a moderate dinner, and had no supper.

The estimate of her character must be formed from her actions; her reign was perhaps for her people rather brilliant than happy. Within the circle of her influence, her government was moderate and benign; at a distance, terrible and despotic; under the protection of her favourites, justice, order, and law, were sometimes violated, and the most odious tyranny practised with impunity. Her situation in the empire, delicate and often critical, restrained her judgment; it was by suffering her power to be abused that she was enabled to preserve it; she knew how to reward, but dared not always punish.

For her licentiousness as a woman, no excuse can be offered; as a sovereign, she must be allowed the title of great. If her love of glory too often assumed the features of a destructive ambition, the praise of an enlightened and magnanimous mind cannot be denied to her.

It has been well observed, that the splendour of her reign, the magnificence of her court, her institutions, her monuments, and her victories, were to Russia what the age of Louis XIV. had been to Europe; as an individual, the character of Catherine had a better title to great. The French formed the glory of Louis, Catherine that of the Russians; she reigned not like him over a polished people, nor had she his advantages. She had a nation to form, and her measures were her own; however deceived or seduced, she suffered not herself to be governed. Humane and generous, cheerful and amiable, she constituted the happiness of those who surrounded her. Her active and regular life, her firmness, courage, and sobriety, were moral qualities of no mean value; corrupted by prosperity, and intoxicated with success, her crimes of a darker hue were those of her station rather than those of her heart. The barbarous country over which she reigned, the grossness of its manners, and the difficulties with which she had to struggle, must not be forgotten in forming an estimate of her character. Whatever may have been her faults, and doubtless they were great, her genius, her talents, her courage, and her success, must ever entitle her to a high rank among those women whose qualities and attainments have thrown a lustre on their sex.

She aspired to the character of an author, to which, by her celebrated "Instructions for a Code of Laws," her dramatic pieces and proverbs, her tales and allegories for the improvement of her grandchildren, she is justly entitled. Among the productions of her pen, her Letters to Voltaire are accounted the most interesting. She composed also for the Imperial family a plan of education, compiled principally from the writings of Locke and Rousseau, which reflects infinite credit on her liberality and discernment.

There are few reigns more interesting than that of Catherine, more strictly biographical; few that involve more important principles, that afford a wider scope, or that more forcibly tend to awaken reflection.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[*Continued from Page* 235.]

SHAH GEBAL was (we know not wherefore) so well satisfied with the narrative of the philosopher Danishmende, particularly with the conclusion of it, that he immediately ordered him to be paid five hundred baham-d'ors from his treasury. Whenever the place of superintendant of the dervises and bonzes, added he, shall become vacant, Danishmende shall have it.

It was not by chance, but because the Sultan of Nurmahal had been previously informed that the dervises were displeased with the conclusion of the doctor's story, that the principal iman of the court received a command to attend upon the Sultan that night at bed time. His majesty was not a little delighted in the embarrassment which he conceived the iman must feel at the metamorphosis of the emir into a dervise. But probably because the iman, without being therefore more cunning than others, could not fail of perceiving why he had the honour of being there, kept so strict a guard over himself that not the least sign of uneasiness escaped him. However, he could not refrain from making the remark—that even if there were, which he might reasonably doubt, such a tribe in the world as these pretended children of nature, yet he thought it would be much better, either entirely to suppress the account of it, or at least not let it get abroad among the people.

And for what reasons, if we may be so bold with your reverence? asked the Sultan.

I extend this my opinion, returned the iman, to all those accounts of I know not what ideal beings, who are feigned to lead, under the pretended sceptre of nature, an unsolicitous life, consisting of one continued tissue of voluptuousness and agreeable sensations. The more innocent and amiable their manners are represented to be, the more mischievous is the impression such figments will make upon the great multitude. To speak honestly (continued he, in a soft insinuating tone, expressly adapted to his courteous looks), I cannot see what utility can be expected to result from them, or how we can conceal it from ourselves that they can tend to no other purpose than to disseminate a spirit of effeminacy throughout the world, deterring the members of the community from all laborious exertion and arduous enterprise, and by exciting the general desire to become as happy as these imaginary darlings of nature, whose voluptuous morality is given us for wisdom, to bring matters to such a pass that nobody will any longer be willing to cultivate the ground, to execute laborious works, and to venture his life at sea, or against the enemies of the country. In general, to the perfecting of any branch of the political welfare, it is necessary to have people who are not averse to labour, and who vie with each other in such obstinate patient industry as no effeminate character is capable of, * for bringing some particular useful occupation to perfection. Is it ever to be expected that a voluptuous merchant can become rich, a voluptuous artist expert, or a voluptuous scholar famous? Will not this remark infallibly hold good, at least, in general? or shall we imagine that a voluptuous judge will execute his function the more punctiliously and conscientiously, or an effeminate commander conduct himself more gallantly for coming from the lap of luxury, better sustain the hardships of a campaign, and more quickly and surely lay the enemies of the Sultan, our master, prostrate at his feet? You see, Mr. Danishmende, that I can have recourse to the weapons which my peculiar station furnishes me with against you.

While the iman was making this fine speech, The Sultan, with half shut eyes, and in a languid tone, amused himself with singing *La faridondaine la faridondon, dondaine dondon dondaine,*

* Although it is not to be denied that the iman here produces some truths, yet we cannot forbear to observe, that this last position is false; Solon, Pisistratus, Alcibiades, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Julius Cæsar, Anthony, and ten thousand other instances have in all ages shewn the contrary. But, indeed, this iman might not have travelled much in history.—*Note of the Latin translator.*

dondaine dondaine dondon,—for he was well versed in the tags of old ballads. Now, doctor, exclaimed he, let us hear what arguments thou hast to bring against this.

I shall, with your majesty's permission, returned Danishmende, do nothing more than briefly shew, that the arguments of the iman, in the first place, prove too much; secondly, too little; and thirdly, nothing at all. Too much—since all his objections apply as forcibly against nature herself, as to the accounts or figments, which to him appear so dangerous; the maxims of the wise Psammis, the general observations and experiments on which his morality is built, are no fictions. If the state in which his plan of legislation places the inhabitants of the blissful vallies, is the properest possible for humanity, if it be that wherein mankind suffer the least, which occasions the least evil, least allows them to abuse the bounties of nature, and at the end of their course least causes them to regret that they have lived,—who can, or who has any right to object to it? Are the agreeable sensations offered us on all hands by nature only like the confectioner's devices for garnishing our table? Are they merely temptations, intended to discipline us in a meritorious abstinence? If this has been her view, it must be owned that nature has surprising whims. Can it be taken amiss if we are rather inclined to regard them as whimsical people, who would make her such a fool? Or what blame shall we incur if we look upon these curious mortals, who in sober sadness take pleasure for a snare to their virtue, as victims of their tormenting effort to destroy the half of their existence? Would they with their splenetic humour, with their melancholy, with their anxious dread of every moment making a false step, in short, with all the spectres that haunt their morbid fancy, be most qualified to promote their own perfection and the true interests of society? Your reverence, who are so highly honoured as to be admitted to the table of the Sultan of India, to have the superintendance of the private concerns of five or six of the most beautiful ladies in Delhi, and every month slip a hundred bahamd'ors into your purse, to provide which a hundred poor peasants must work and famish themselves to skin and bone,—imagine, perhaps, the condition of a poor fellow who lives upon stale crusts and tank water, and that the delicacy of his senses may not be seduced, has burnt out his eyes in the sun, is not quite so disagreeable, as I will be sworn for it, it must be———

Bravo, Danishmende, said the Sultan, in an under voice, and an encouraging nod, that did not escape the iman.

I say, therefore, continued the doctor, unless the design of nature was to decoy us into snares by beautiful and charming objects, the arguments of the iman prove too much; for the most charming descriptions cannot possibly have half the effect upon us that the objects themselves would have. Has nature, on the other hand, benevolent views, which are only defeated by the generality, by thoughtlessness, false taste, or corrupt principles; it is then both honourable and useful, by such descriptions as those which have the misfortune to displease the iman, to lead them back to the path of nature, and to invite them to a wise enjoyment of her bounties.

Secondly, his arguments prove too little; for, if even the whole world were filled with pictures of fortunate islands and happy persons, yet we might bet ten to one, that the passions, which have in all ages been the movers of the moral world, would nevertheless continue their play. The desire of leading an easy life, in every government which is founded on the inequality of conditions, will produce the desire of riches, and riches the desire of authority, grandeur, and arbitrary power. These passions will bring to light a multitude of talents, as they are more or less encouraged by the political constitution, or the accidental nature of the administration; and the avidity for the most agreeable enjoyment of life, from which the iman dreads a general inactivity, will have a directly opposite effect; it will supply us with industrious people, inventors, improvers, virtuosos, and heros, as many, and perhaps more, than we have need of. The ideal delineations of the voluptuousness of the senses, of the imagination, and of the heart, will therefore, from the nature of the case, powerfully assist in promoting the grand object which his reverence has so much at heart. I have not the least doubt, that as long as we are delighted with these paintings, we shall wish ourselves to be in those fortunate islands, those Elysian scenes, or however else you choose to call them, where the most agreeable life costs so little; we should, however, soon be weary of wishing, and without expecting suddenly to find a beautiful scollop-shell car, with six winged unicorns standing ready equipped at our gate, to convey the wisher into the ideal worlds, we should condescend to apply ourselves to those methods for procuring a happy life which lie within our power, and are included in the constitution of that world in which we are placed. The arguments of the iman therefore prove too little and too much, and consequently—nothing at all, which was the third proposition I promised to evince. However, we will suppose the worst instance that can be conceived to result from the fictions or descriptions in question; suppose they should have the effect of bringing all the nations that dwell between the Ganges and the Indus to adopt the resolution of

abdicating their former habits of life (although it is much rather to be feared that my emir-dervise would convert all Indostan to his fanatical morality, than that Psammis would persuade the most inconsiderable province of it to take up his); we will nevertheless suppose that might be the case, what mighty harm, does your reverence think, would ensue? Psammis would then have effected what the sages of all countries have been labouring at for some thousands of years with very moderate success, or do these gentlemen aim at something else than to render more happy the condition of mankind?

In fact, said the Sultan smiling, I myself, and the iman with his brethren, would have the most to lose on such a transformation.

The danger seems greater than it is, said Nurmahal; sixty millions of people, even though their lawgiver were the angel Jesrad himself, would not be able to subsist ten years without a Sultan and without an iman.

I hope so, returned the Sultan. In the mean time I abide by what I promised thee, Danishmende. Here, iman, your reverence sees the appointed successor to the superintendant of the dervises.

The choice does honour to your majesty's wisdom, replied the iman, with a look that plainly spoke the contrary.

It ill becomes a slave to have any wish but the will of his lord, said Danishmende; but, if I might presume to beg of your majesty some other trifling office.——

Not a word more, said Shah Gebal; Danishmende is the man,—and good night!

[*To be continued.*]

THE PRUDENT JUDGE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A MERCHANT whose affairs called him abroad, entrusted a purse of a thousand sequins to a Dervise, whom he looked upon as his friend, and begged him to take care of it till his return.

At the expiration of a year the merchant returned, and demanded his money; but the Dervise denied ever having received any. The merchant, enraged at this perfidy, complained to the Cadi. "You have trusted him imprudently," answered the judge; "you should not have placed so much confidence in a man whose fidelity you had never experienced. It will be difficult to compel this knave to restore a deposit which he received without witnesses; but I will see what I can do for you. Return to him, speak to him amicably, but do not let him know that I am acquainted with this affair, and call here to-morrow at the same hour."

The merchant obeyed, but instead of recovering his money, he was grossly abused. During the altercation a slave of the Cadi came and gave the Dervise an invitation from his master.

The Dervise attended, was introduced into the principal apartment, received in a friendly manner, and treated with the consideration which is usually shewn to persons of distinguished rank. The Cadi discoursed on different subjects, and, as opportunity offered, mingled in the conversation encomiums on the learning and wisdom of the Dervise. After gaining his confidence by such flattering discourse, he added :—"I sent for you to give you a proof of my confidence and esteem; an affair of the greatest importance obliges me to be away from home some months; I do not care to trust my slaves, and I wish to place my treasure in the hands of a man who enjoys, like you, the most unblemished reputation. If you can take charge of it without inconvenience to yourself, I shall to-morrow night send you my most precious effects; but as this business must be conducted with secrecy, I shall order my confidential slaves to deliver them to you as if they were a present from me."

A gracious smile appeared on the face of the Dervise; he made numberless bows to the Cadi, thanked him for his confidence, swore he would keep the treasure as carefully as the apple of his eye; and retired as contented as if he had already cheated the judge.

The next day the merchant went again to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the Dervise. "Return to him," said the judge, "and if he persists in his refusal, threaten him that you will complain to me; I think you will have no occasion to repeat the menace."

The merchant immediately went to his debtor; he no sooner pronounced the Cadi's name, than the Dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure which was to be entrusted to him, returned his purse, and laughingly said,—"My dear friend, why should you have recourse to the Cadi? your money was safe in my house; my refusal was only for the joke's sake, to see how you would take it."

The merchant was wise enough not to credit this joke; and returned to the Cadi to thank him for his generous succour.

In the mean time the night approached, and

the Dervise prepared himself to receive the promised treasure; but it passed without any of the Cadi's slaves appearing. This night was to him of an inexpressible length. As soon as it was day-light, he went to the judge: "I come," said he, "to learn why his honour has not sent his slaves to me." "Because I have been informed by an honest and worthy merchant that you are a rogue, whom justice will punish as you deserve, if a second similar complaint be made against you."

The Dervise made a low bow, and retired, without speaking a word.

THE MONK.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following narrative was written by M. de la Harpe, and was first printed a little before the French Revolution, or rather at the time when the first symptoms of that great political crisis appeared, just at the epocha when it was in agitation to suppress all religious vows. This was in 1789. Thirteen years after, it was expected that the re-establishment of monasteries would be demanded; and this paper was re-printed. It has never been translated, and may, perhaps, be thought worth preserving in your Magazine.

On the pleasant and cultivated hills, which at a distance command the delicious landscape formed by the banks of the *Rhone*, not far from *Avignon*, the woods belonging to a famous monastery of the order of *Camaldules* are seen. A more agreeable, more fresh, more solitary umbrage may be sought for in vain. Nature is there simple without being savage, and beautiful without ornament. This walk being near my retreat, is the most frequented by me: it shelters from heat, and is an asylum for reveries. I entered it not long since, towards the decline of day, when the calm of the country and the cool of the evening excite tender sensations, which are best enjoyed in silence. Never had those woods appeared more beautiful to me; I fancied every thing I saw was tranquil and happy. Whilst I was ruminating on this idea, I perceived at the end of an alley a man advancing, covered with a long white robe, he was walking with slow steps; and at that moment, where all around me seemed Elysium, I was willing to fancy him a happy shade. But I soon had reason to entertain a very different opinion. As he drew nearer, I saw on his face the prints of sorrow and misfortune; a gloomy and fatal character was engraven in the wrinkles of his front, and in the furrows of his hollow cheeks. From time to time, he cast sinister looks around him, and concluded with dropping them towards the ground; it appeared as if the fine day and beautiful country, were to him afflictive and importune. Thus Milton represents to us the angel of darkness apostrophising in his anger the planet of light; or thus might be painted Arimanes, the genius of evil, viewing the creation to curse it, and disturb it.

I approached him: "Father," said I, (for he was one of those men who are always called *Fathers*, and who are prohibited from ever becoming so), "how charming are these woods which encompass your dwelling! and how greatly must you enjoy them! Those souls who are no longer agitated with the passions of the world are the more sensible of the attractions of nature and solitude, and the enjoyments of your age, are repose and a fine day."

"Young man," said he, "you are mistaken in every thing: what you term my dwelling, is my prison; in solitude the passions ferment with more bitterness: Nature is never beautiful to the wretched, and without peace of mind, there is no fine day."

"Ah! what can now disturb that peace? your white hairs attest long experience—What errors can still molest the old age of a solitary being?"

"Certainly I have lived long, and lived alone. Do you fancy our chain becomes lighter for having worn it fifty years?"

"But that chain, did not you choose it?"—"Those who have chosen it often finish with detesting it, but it was forced upon me." "And who exercised that abominable tyranny on you?" "My father." "He was then a barbarian!"—"No, he was only weak, and domineered by an imperious wife. We were many children. It entered into my mother's arrangements that I should take the monastic habit; it was she who governed: I showed great repugnance to obey her, and my father resisted for a long while. This contrariety of opinions caused a domestic war, which imbittered his life. He conjured me with tears in his eyes to embrace that condition which he began to think indispensable. I could not bear to see my father unhappy, and I resolved to become so myself; I even hoped to be less so

than I had imagined at first. I fancied one might soon be accustomed to what might appear hardships: youth is susceptible of all kinds of courage. But courage exhausts itself when it sees no term to its efforts. The time came when all the illusions of enthusiasm, all the errors of imagination, gave place to overwhelming truth. Then all my fantastic props fell around me; I looked and saw nothing but a desert, and despair. I was surrounded with unhappy wretches become wicked, who watched each other, and sought to surprise in the hearts of others complaints which they smothered in their own. I held them in execration, I avoided their society. After the death of my mother, I made vain efforts to get released from vows which were involuntary.—These useless steps gave my companions a fatal advantage, of which hypocrisy always abuses. The slave willingly becomes an oppressor. I had only one means of revenge. The greatest ambition of my fellow-monks was to make proselytes: mine was to drive them away; I resolved that every one I might converse with should know from me the dangers, the shame, and the horrors of the monastic life. These woods are pretty well frequented. Solitude speaks to the imagination. There is an age where nothing more is wanting to give birth to a transient delirium which produces irremediable evils. I do not believe you to be attacked by this madness; but at all events look at that fatal dwelling, and read on the threshold these words, which an Italian poet says he read on the gates of hell:"—'You who enter into this place, renounce hope.'

I was shocked to hear him. "You have led a terrible life," said I, "but it nevertheless appears, and is to me a consolatory idea, that evils have not blemished your soul. The care which you take to warn imprudent persons of the snare in which they might fall, bespeaks a sensible and compassionate heart."

"You forget," replied he, "I told you *that* care was only a vengeance. I hate my companions because they have injured me; but I cannot love men who tolerate those barbarous institutions. Unhappy ever since my birth, to whom can I owe a sentiment of benevolence?"

"Perhaps to him who pities you."

"When these abominable retreats are burnt to the ground, then will I believe in piety and justice."

"But you must be sensible how many men can say to you, as I do: it is not my fault if a fanatic founded this house, and if a cruel mother forced you into it."

"My mother!"

He remained silent a moment; his looks made me shudder.—"My mother! I cursed her a long while, when each revolving year returned the day on which I first pronounced my vows. But I no longer curse her."

"You have ceased hating?"

He looked at me for some time, then he continued with a bitter smile: "I have nothing to conceal from you; I have nothing to fear. I believed I pronounced maledictions, that a just and avenging being heard them. I no longer believe it."

I was struck with these words—"What! you have suffered so much in this life, and you will not hope any thing from the other?'—"It no more depends on us to adopt errors than to discover truths. Without doubt religious ideas are the charm of misfortune; they would be more valuable to me than my sad conviction. But can we cast our eyes on this dreadful chaos of evils and crimes, and believe it to be the work of a perfect being! I look on all men as feeble parcels of a perishable matter, the sport of an invincible necessity, as long as for them shall last that system they suppose to be the essential order of things, and which is only one of the transitory combinations which are lost in the innumerable revolutions of eternity. My lot has been bitter. I must fulfil my destiny: it will end."

"Thus, in *your* future, a single instant fixes your attention."—"Yes, that which will be my last; it comes very slowly."

"Your ingenuousness," said I, "must excuse mine. I must communicate one reflection. I do not comprehend how; when for you the other life is a chimera, and this one a torment." I hesitated—"Make an end," said he. I continued, "I cannot conceive after all I have heard, how I should meet you this day, walking quietly in these woods."

"I understand you. There was a time when I might have taken that step: *then* I dared not, I was still fearful. I now fear nothing. But when my reason became enlightened, my soul was dejected; I was in despair, and had lost my courage; I abandoned myself to the habitude of suffering. There is an age at which man will not part with life; it continually afflicts him, and quits him by degrees, without his having the force to cast it off."

Whilst we were thus conversing, the face of nature was changed. The storm approached on heaps of clouds; the night was growing dark. We walked on without speaking a word; but from time to time flashes of lightning shed a livid light over his features, which made them more hideous.

We were advancing towards the convent, and were already near it. It seemed as if the tempest had settled on its roof; the thunder rumbled all round with redoubled claps.

I perceived the forehead of the old monk to

brighten for a moment. "O! if the fire of heaven," cried he, "could but consume that odious inclosure, and all the wretches it contains!"

"You have then not one friend there?"

"A friend—we all call one another brothers, and we are all slaves."

After these words he entered into the dwelling he had just been cursing, and the door shut him in.

My soul was deeply sorrowful. I saw that misfortune, when extreme, ends with rendering the heart callous, and that the complaints of despair become blasphemies. This wretch, who might have found consolation and refuge in the idea of a God, preferred to renounce it, in order to have the more right to hate mankind.

O! thou supreme and necessary Being, in whom I believe, because every thing announces thee, thou hast not created beauty that men should avoid admiring it; thou has not spread out the riches of the creation that men should inhabit dungeons; thou hast not planted in our hearts the want we feel of loving our fellow-creatures, in order that we might unceasingly frustrate that want, and love nothing.

Men have disfigured thy works, before they denied their author; and the atheist has dared to say; *Thou hast not made me*; and the fanatic has said, *Thus hast thou made me.*

CELESTINA.—A SPANISH TALE.

CELESTINA, an orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune, was, at seventeen, the most celebrated beauty in Granada. She lived with her uncle, a cross, avaricious old man, named Don Alonzo, who was occupied all the day in counting his ducats, and all the night in silencing the serenades which were played before Celestina's windows. Alonzo had the design of marrying his ward to his son Don Henriquez, who, for ten years, had been pursuing his studies at the University of Salamanca, and began to explain Cornelius Nepos with tolerable facility.

All the young cavaliers of Granada were in love with Celestina: the only opportunity they had of beholding her was at mass; and every day the church she frequented was filled with young and fashionable men. Amongst these was a captain of cavalry, named Don Pedro, who had attained this rank at the age of twenty. His fortune was small, but his family was one of the most ancient in that country; and so eminently was he distinguished for his wit and handsome person, that he attracted the attention of all the ladies of Granada. But he had eyes for Celestina alone; and she, who had perceived this, began to return his glances.

In this manner passed two months, and Don Pedro had not yet dared to address his fair enslaver; his eyes, however, had been very eloquent. At the end of this time our lover found means to convey a letter to his mistress, which informed her of what she already knew. The rigid Celestina had no sooner perused it than, with much dignity, she caused it to be returned to Don Pedro. But as she possessed a very retentive memory, she did not let a word of its contents escape her; and, at the end of a week, was able to answer every sentence of it.

Our two lovers corresponded, and were mutually delighted with each other; but Don Pedro wished for something more; he had long solicited the permission of conversing with Celestina at her lattice, according to the custom of Spain, where a window is much more useful at night than in the day, as it is the general place of rendezvous. At midnight, when the streets are deserted, the young Spaniard, wrapped in his mantle, and armed with his sword, walks, invoking love and darkness, towards a lattice, grated on the outside, and within inclosed by shutters. Soon they are slowly opened; a fair damsel appears, and in tremulous accents enquires if any one be there. Her lover, transported with joy, re-assures her; they converse in a whisper; the same things are repeated a thousand times; vows fly through the grating. But day begins to dawn, and they must separate. Another hour is spent in adieus; and they quit each other, without having uttered an infinite number of interesting things which they had intended to say.

Celestina's lattice was on the ground floor, on a retired ill-built spot, inhabited only by the lowest order of people. Here Don Pedro's old nurse occupied a miserable chamber, directly opposite to Celestina's window. Our hero, upon making this discovery, paid the old woman a visit; and said to her, "My good mother, I have too long allowed you to remain in poverty, for which forgetfulness I am very culpable, and am determined to repair my fault by giving you an apartment in my own house. Come and take possession of it immediately, and yield this miserable one up to me" The worthy woman, surprised and affected to tears by his kind offer, would have refused, but he urged her so warmly that it was impossible to resist his entreaties;

and, kissing the hand of her beneficent nursling, she consented to the exchange.

Never did a monarch take possession of a palace with more joy than Don Pedro felt while establishing himself in his nurse's chamber. As soon as night arrived, Celestina appeared at her lattice; she promised to do the same every other evening, and faithfully kept her word, for each twilight found her there. These nocturnal meetings increased the passion which these lovers felt, and soon every hour was stolen from sleep, and the whole day employed in writing to each other. They enjoyed, for some time, this delirium of happiness without interruption, when, unexpectedly, Alonzo's son, Henriquez, Celestina's destined husband, arrived from Salamanca, bringing with him, for his intended, a declaration of love, written in Latin, which his professor had obligingly composed for him.

The lovers held a consultation at the lattice, meantime the old guardian was preparing the marriage contract; and the day was fixed which was to make Celestina the wife of Henriquez. What was to be done? No alternative remained but flight. This, at length, was agreed upon. They determined to seek a refuge in Portugal, to begin by being united, and then to plead their cause with the old guardian. Celestina was to take with her a casket of diamonds, which had belonged to her mother. These were very valuable, and were to support the young couple until Don Alonzo was appeased. Never was an undertaking conceived with more prudence.

Nothing remained but to escape unperceived; and to accomplish this, it was necessary to possess the key of the lattice. Celestina soon succeeded in this; and immediately it was settled that the following night, at eleven o'clock, Don Pedro should, after having left horses in waiting at the extremity of the town, come and fetch Celestina, who was to descend into the street by her window; and they were both to take the road leading to Portugal.

Don Pedro employed all the day in making preparations for his journey. Celestina, on her side, arranged and deranged the casket which was to accompany them, twenty times. She was very careful in placing in it a very fine emerald, which she had received from her lover, and was ready at eight o'clock in the evening; ten had not struck, when Don Pedro, who had left a carriage in waiting, in the road to Andalusia, with a heart palpitating with joy, approached Celestina's dwelling.

He was on the point of arriving, when he heard a cry for help, and saw two men attacked by five ruffians, who, armed with swords and sticks, make use of them with all possible dexterity.—The brave Pedro forgot every thing to fall on the aggressors: he soon wounded two, and made the other three save themselves by flight. What was his surprise at recognizing in those he had delivered, Don Alonzo and his son, Henriquez! The young cavaliers of the town, who all paid homage to Celestina's beauty, knowing that Henriquez was going to rob them of her, had been wicked enough to cause their rival to be insulted by assassins, a species of villains too common in Spain; and without the valour of Don Pedro, the old miser and young scholar would have had some difficulty in escaping from their daggers.

Pedro attempted to escape; but Henriquez, who prided himself in having learned politeness at Salamanca, swore that he should not leave him that night. Pedro, in despair, had already heard eleven strike. Alas! he little knew the misfortune that awaited him.

One of the ruffians he had put to flight, with his face concealed in his mantle, passed before Celestina's window. The night was very dark, and the unfortunate maiden, who had opened the grating while waiting for Don Pedro, when she perceived the assassin, thought she saw him approach. She held out her hand to him with a mixture of impatience and joy, and presenting the casket, said: "take our diamonds, while I descend." At the word diamonds, the ruffian suddenly stopped, seized the casket, and, without saying a word, precipitately fled, while Celestina was employed in quitting her abode.

Judge of her surprise, when alone in the street; she gazed around her, and could no longer descry the person she had taken for Don Pedro. She at first imagined he had proceeded onwards to avoid suspicion; hastily walked forwards, and sought him with her eyes, called him in a low voice; but no one answered her. Terror seized her, and she knew not what to do. Should she return home, or leave the town and seek the carriage Pedro had promised to have in waiting? Not knowing how to decide, she walked forward, with trembling steps, and soon lost her way, while solitude and darkness augmented her fears. At length she met a man, and, in a faultering voice, asked him how far were the gates of the city? The man directed her. Celestina began to breathe, and proceeded with renovated courage. She soon passed through the walls of Granada; but could descry no carriage in waiting. She did not yet dare to accuse her lover, but still hoping to find him farther on, she continued to walk, terrified at the sight of every bush that crossed her path; at every step she called on the name of Pedro; and the more she advanced, the more she was bewildered, for this road was the opposite one to that of Portugal.

Don Pedro, however, had not been able to

get rid of the grateful Henriquez and his father. Without leaving him for a moment, they obliged him to accompany them home. Pedro, thinking that Celestina would soon be made acquainted with the cause of his delay, agreed to follow them. As soon as they were arrived, Don Alonzo repaired to his ward's chamber to acquaint her with the peril he had encountered; he called, but received no reply; entered, but perceived the lattice open. His cries spread an alarm through the house. Pedro, on hearing that Celestina was gone, determined instantly to follow her; and Henriquez, thanking him for the interest he took in his misfortune, wished to accompany him.—But, to be certain of success, Pedro proposed that they should take different routes. He ran to the spot where he had left a carriage in waiting; and, not doubting that Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, killed his horses to fly from the object of his affection; while Henriquez galloped towards the Apulchares, the very road Celestina had followed.

The unhappy maiden journeyed on towards the Apulchares, enquiring for her dear Pedro of every person the darkness would permit her to distinguish. She at length heard a trampling of horses behind her, and her first thought was, that it might be her lover; but then she feared it might proceed from travellers, or even banditti; and, trembling with apprehension, quitted the road and hid herself behind some bushes. Soon Henriquez passed by, followed by several domestics. Our heroine shuddered at this sight; and fearful, if she continued pursuing the main road, of falling into the power of Don Alonzo, forsook it, and plunged into the thickest recesses of a wood.

The Apulchares form a chain of mountains which extends from Granada to the Mediterranean: they are inhabited by shepherds and husbandmen. A barren and sandy soil, towering oaks here and there, waterfalls, the noise of cascades, and some goats climbing the rocks, were the only objects which presented themselves to Celestina's view at the dawn of morning. Sinking with fatigue and pain, her feet torn by the stones, she stepped beneath a rock, through which flowed a limpid stream. The silence of this cave, the sylvan scene which surrounded her, the distant sound of torrents, the murmur of that water which fell drop by drop, into a bason hollowed by the rude hand of nature, all combined to make Celestina more acutely feel that she was alone, in the midst of a desert, abandoned by the whole universe. Reclined beside the stream, in which her tears dropped at intervals, reflecting on the misfortunes with which she was menaced, her heart filled with the image of Don Pedro, she still flattered herself that they should one day meet. "It was not he," would she exclaim, "who fled with my diamonds. How could I mistake another for him? How is it possible that my heart did not apprise me? He, doubtless, is now seeking me; I am certain he is, he is in despair at my loss; and I shall die unknown, far from him I love."

As Celestina pronounced the last words, she heard the sound of a rustic flute, which proceeded from the foot of the cave in which she was seated. She listened, and soon a pleasing, though uncultivated voice, sang the following words to a rural air:—

"Fleet as the passing breath, is love's delight,
 "As lasting as the dream of life, his sorrow!
"To day the sun sheds beams of light,
 "Where tempests rage to-morrow.

"While down the rugged rock yon stream shall flow,
 "Responsive to thine heart my heart will beat."
"Why, Sylvia, soothe me with deceit,
 "And bid my soul with hope to glow?

"Ah! down the rugged rock yon stream still flows,
 "But soon thine arms a rival will entwine;
"Farewell! in solitude no falsehood grows,
 "Be joy thy lot, whilst woe is mine.

"Fleet as the passing breath, is love's delight,
 "As lasting as the dream of life, his sorrow!
"To-day the sun sheds beams of light,
 "Where tempests rage to-morrow."

"Who can appreciate the truth of thy lay better than the unhappy Celestina?" exclaimed our heroine, as she arose to seek the young musician. He, whose wild notes had so afflicted her, was a goat-herd, whom she soon discovered seated at the foot of a weeping-willow; his eyes were filled with tears as he gazed on the clear stream that gently meandered over the rude pebbles: in his hand he held a flute, by his side lay a stick, and a small bundle of clothes wrapped up in a goat's skin. "Shepherd," said Celestina, "since you have been forsaken by her you loved, have pity on a stranger who has also been forsaken, and instruct me how I may find, in these mountains, an habitation where I may seek, not rest, but bread."—"Alas! Madam," answered the herdsman, "I would conduct you to the village of Gadara, situated behind these rocks; but you will not ask me to return there, where, you must know, that this day I should see her I love, the bride of my rival. I am quitting these mountains never to return; and take nothing with me but my flute, one suit of clothes, which I have in this bundle, and the remembrance of what I have lost." These few words

gave rise to several ideas in Celestina's mind.—"My friend," said she to the herdsman, "you have no money, and you will need some when you have quitted this country. I have a few pieces of gold, which I will share with you, if you will give me the dress you have in that bundle." The young man readily agreed to her offer. Celestina gave him twelve ducats; and, after he had pointed out the path which led to Gadara, bade him adieu, and re-entered the cave to assume the dress of a shepherd.

She left it clothed in a jacket of chamois skin, vandyked with sky blue, the hat was ornamented with ribbands of the same colour; and in this habit she looked more lovely than she had ever done when covered with diamonds. Celestina proceeded the way she had been directed, till she arrived at the village; and, stopping in the market-place, enquired of the peasants whether they knew any one who wanted a servant to attend a farm. She was soon surrounded with gazers; the young maidens in particular contemplated her beautiful flaxen tresses which flowed on her shoulders, her mildly brilliant eyes, her elegant shape, all combined to surprise and delight them. No one could guess from whence came so handsome a young man. One imagined her to be some great lord in disguise; another, a prince that had fallen in love with a shepherdess; and the schoolmaster, who was also the poet of the village, maintained that it was Apollo reduced a second time to lead a flock.

Celestina, who had taken the name of Marcelio, soon found a master. He was the old Alcade of the village, who was universally esteemed as the most honest man in that country. This good labourer, for Alcades are chosen from that class, soon conceived a tender friendship for our heroine. Scarcely had she watched over his flocks one month, when he gave her the employment of superintending the affairs of his house; and the pretended Marcelio acquitted herself with so much mildness and fidelity, that the master and servants were equally delighted with her. At the end of six months, the Alcade, who had the weight of upwards of eighty years on his head, gave Marcelio the entire management of all he possessed; he even went so far as to consult her on all the causes which came under his jurisdiction; and never had he displayed so much justice as since he had been guided by the advice of her who was the model and delight of the whole village; her mildness, grace, and wisdom, made her beloved by all.—"Look at the handsome Marcelio," said mothers to their sons, "he is always with his master, incessantly occupied in endeavouring to render his old age comfortable; and does not quit his duty, as you do, to run after shepherdesses."

Two years thus rolled away. Celestina, whose mind was continually filled with Don Pedro, had secretly sent a shepherd, in whom she could place confidence, to Granada, to try to get some intelligence of her lover, Don Alonzo, and Henriquez. He brought her word, that her guardian was dead, and his son married, and that for two years Don Pedro had not been heard of in that part of the country. Celestina now no longer hoped to see him, and resigned herself, to pass the remainder of her days in the village, in the bosom of peace and friendship, and endeavoured to accustom her heart to exist only for the latter sentiment; when her master, the old Alcade, fell dangerously ill. Marcelio paid him all the attentions of the most affectionate child, and the good man treated her like a grateful parent; and died, leaving all he possessed to his faithful Marcelio. This inheritance did not, however, console the successor for her loss.

All the village wept at the death of their Alcade; after having bestowed on him funeral honours, which rather consisted in tears than pomp, they assembled to elect his successor. In Spain, some villages have the right of choosing their Alcade, that is to say, their magistrate, who judges their law-suits, takes cognizance of crimes, causes criminals to be arrested, examines them, and afterwards gives them up into the hands of superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence passed by these peasants; for good laws always agree with simplicity.

The assembled villagers unanimously elected him whom the deceased Alcade seemed to have intended for his successor. The old men, followed by the young ones, came in procession to Marcelio, to bring him the mark of his office, which was a white wand. Celestina accepted it; and, affected to tears at the testimonies of friendship which she received from these good people, resolved to consecrate to their happiness, a life at first dedicated to love.

While the new Alcade is employed with the duties of his station, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping to Portugal, and always flying from her he wished to meet.

He arrived at Lisbon without having heard a word of Celestina, and returning on his steps, once more sought her in the places which he had already explored, and came back to Lisbon without more success. After six months spent in useless trouble, being assured that his beautiful Celestina had not again appeared at Granada, he imagined that she was, perhaps, at Seville, where he heard she had relations, and immediately set off for that place; but when he arrived there, he learned that Celestina's relations had sailed with the last fleet for Mexico. Pedro imagined

that his mistress had accompanied them, and embarked in the only ship that remained behind. On his landing, he soon discovered the persons he had followed; but they knew nothing of Celestina. Stung with disappointment he sailed for Spain. When he arrived on the coast of Granada, a violent hurricane arose, and they were wrecked. Don Pedro, with some other passengers, swam ashore, and proceeded, amongst the mountains, to obtain relief; when chance, or love, guided him to Gadara.

Don Pedro, and his companions in misfortune, entered the first inn they met on their way. They felicitated each other on their escape; and while they were giving the relation of their sufferings, one of the passengers picked a quarrel with a sailor of the ship for a casket the latter had saved from the wreck, and which the former maintained was his property. Don Pedro, who wished to appease the disputants, proposed that the passenger should declare what were the contents of the casket, and opened it to witness the truth of the assertion. But what was his astonishment on discovering Celestina's diamonds, amongst which was the emerald he had given her! He remained transfixed to the spot with surprise; but soon examining the jewels more attentively, his doubts vanished; and, casting a furious look on the pretended owner, said to him, in a terrible voice, "Whence came these diamonds?" "What concern is that of yours?" haughtily answered the passenger; "they belong to me, and that is enough." He then attempted to snatch them from our hero; but Don Pedro, no longer able to contain himself, drew his sword and attacked him. "Traitor!" exclaimed he, "confess your crime, or you shall instantly perish." Saying these words, he aimed at his enemy, who defended himself with valour, but was soon pierced with a mortal blow. A crowd assembled to witness this spectacle. Don Pedro was hastily surrounded, seized, and dragged into a dungeon. The landlord immediately sent his wife in search of the curate to assist the dying man, whilst he repaired to the Alcade to inform him of the affair, and deliver into his hands the valuable casket.

What a mixture of surprise, fear, and delight Celestina experienced in recognising her diamonds, and hearing the relation of the crime the prisoner had committed! She immediately determined to visit the dying man, and returned with the host. The curate had already arrived; and the man, affected by his pious exhortations, declared, in the presence of the Alcade, that two years before, as he was passing at night through a street at Granada, he saw a woman standing at a window, who, when he approached her, presented him the casket, telling him to keep it while she descended; and confessed he had not waited for her, but had immediately made off with the jewels; and concluded with asking pardon of God and the lady for the theft he had committed. After this relation, he almost instantly expired; and Celestina flew to the prison.

During the way her palpitating heart told her that she would soon see her dear Don Pedro; and she feared he would discover her. She flapped her hat over her eyes, wrapped herself in her mantle, and, preceded by the jailor, who held a light, descended into the dungeon.

Scarcely had she passed the threshold, when she recognised her lover. The sight, although she was prepared for it, almost deprived her of her senses. She supported herself against the wall, her head sunk on her breast, and her tears began to flow: she wiped them away, took breath, and, struggling to conceal her emotion, approached the prisoner. "Stranger," said she, disguising her voice, and stopping at intervals, "you have killed your companion!—What could have induced you to commit so criminal an act?" After having pronounced these words she could no longer support her agitated frame; and, covering her face with her hand, seated herself on a stone. "Alcade," replied Don Pedro, "I have not committed a crime, it was an act of justice; but I ask no more than death, death alone can put a period to the troubles of which the wretch I have destroyed was the first cause. Condemn me! and rid me of a life which is odious to me, since I have lost the only blessing I valued, and have no longer any hope of finding———." He did not conclude, but his lips murmured "Celestina."

Our heroine shuddered at the sound, and could no longer contain herself. She rose, and was on the point of rushing into her lover's arms; but the presence of a witness stopped her. She turned away her eyes, stifled her sobs, asked to be left alone with the prisoner, and was immediately obeyed. Then, no longer suppressing her tears, she advanced towards Don Pedro; and, looking at him, extended her hand, and said, while tears denied her utterance, "You, then, still love her who only exists for your sake?"—At these words, and the sound of that well-known voice, Pedro raised his head, but could scarcely believe himself awake. "Oh! heavens! is it you? Is it my beloved Celestina, or an angel that has assumed her form?—Ah! it is she; I no longer doubt it," cried he, pressing her to his breast, and bathing her with tears of delight. "It is my wife, my love. All my misfortunes are now at an end."

"No," replied Celestina, after a few moment's silence, "thou art guilty of murder, and I cannot break thy fetters; but, to-morrow, I will re-

veal all to the judge who presides over us. I will discover to him my birth, and relate our misfortunes; and if he should refuse to grant your freedom, I will return and end my days in prison."

Celestina immediately gave orders for Don Pedro's removal from the subterraneous dungeon to one less dreary; and, after having taken care that he should be in want of nothing, the affectionate Alcade returned home to prepare for the next day's journey. But it was decreed that a dreadful event should prevent her departure, and hasten Don Pedro's liberty.

Some galleys from Algiers, which for several days had followed Don Pedro's ship, after the storm, had arrived on the coast of Gadara. Not to loose by their voyage, they resolved to land during the night. Two renegadoes, who were acquainted with the country, took upon themselves to guide the rest to the village of Gadara; and these wretches directed them but too well. About an hour after midnight, the time when the labourer enjoys repose, after the fatigues of the day, and the assassin wakes, a cry was heard of, "To arms! to arms! the Turks have landed, and are massacreing our inhabitants! and burning our houses!" These dreadful words, the darkness of the night, and the screams of the dying, filled every heart with dismay. The women, trembling, clung to their husbands; and the old men sought protection beside their youthful sons. In an instant the village appeared on fire; and then it was, by the red glare of the flames, that the terrible scymetars were seen to shine, and the white turbans of the Infidels were distinguished. These barbarous monsters, with a flambeau in one hand and an axe in the other, broke open and set fire to houses; rushed through the blazing ruins, in search of plunder and new victims, and returned covered with blood and loaded with their booty.

Some seized the infant who slept peacefully in its cradle. The frantic mother in despair, unconscious of what she attempted, endeavoured alone to defend it; nothing terrified her. She braved, she contemned death; she supplicated, she threatened: while the tender infant, already in the grasp of those merciless tygers, bathed them with tears, extended its little arms, and, screaming, asked them not to kill its mother.

Nothing was sacred for these barbarians. They forced open the doors of the house of God, overthrew the altars, tore off the gold from precious relicks, and trampled the bones of saints under their sacrilegious feet. Alas! their sacred function afforded no protection to priests, their silver hair to old men, to youth their beauty, and to children their innocence. All were stabbed or bound in chains; and soon the village would have been nothing but a heap of stones and corpses.

At the first cries, the first acclamations, the watchful Alcade arose, ran to the prison, caused the doors to be thrown open, and apprised Don Pedro of their danger. The brave youth asked for a sword for himself, and a shield for the Alcade; took Celestina by the hand, made his way through the crowd, and arrived at the market-place. There he addressed the fugitives! "Friends!" exclaimed he, "you are Spaniards, and you fly! fly, and abandon your wives and children to the fury of infidels!" These words arrested their steps; he ranged them around him in order of battle, inspired them with his courage, and, sword in hand, rushed on a body of Turks who were advancing. These were soon put to the rout and dispersed; and shouts of victory soon rang through the air. All the inhabitants, animated by the example of their companions, instantly joined them. Pedro, without quitting Celestina, and always occupied in sheltering her with his body, attacked the barbarians, struck them with terror by his shouts, destroyed all those who resisted him, and drove the remainder out of the village; retook the spoils, freed the prisoners, and gave up the pursuit of the vanquished to return and assist in extinguishing the flames.

The day began to dawn, when a company of soldiers, who had been too late apprised of the descent of the Infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The Governor, who conducted them, found Don Pedro surrounded by women, children, and aged men, who, weeping, kissed his hands, thanking him for having restored to them their husbands, fathers, and sons. The Alcade, standing beside him, enjoyed the dear delight of witnessing him she loved an object of universal admiration. The Governor, being informed of Don Pedro's exploits, overwhelmed him with praise. But Celestina now entreated to be heard; and declared, before the Governor and the whole village, who were assembled, her sex and her adventures, the murder Don Pedro had committed, and the motives that rendered it excusable. All the inhabitants fell at the Governor's feet to entreat pardon for their deliverer. Their request was granted; and the happy Pedro was embracing Celestina, the Governor, and the principal inhabitants, when an old villager advanced towards him:—"Brave stranger," said he, "you are our liberator; but you take our Alcade from us, and this loss will, perhaps, be greater than the good you have bestowed on us. Increase our happiness; remain in this village, and deign to become our Alcade, our master, our friend; and honour us by giving us an opportu-

nity of showing our gratitude. In a large city, the cowardly and the wicked, who enjoy the same rank, will think themselves your equals; but here, each virtuous inhabitant will love you as a father. After God, it is you we shall most honour; and every year, on this day, each father shall come and present to you his children, saying, this is he who saved your mothers."

Don Pedro embraced the old man who had thus spoken. "Yes, my children," he replied; "yes, my brothers, I will remain here. I will devote my life to Celestina and you. My wife has considerable estates at Granada, our worthy Governor will cause them to be restored to her; and the produce shall be employed in rebuilding your houses that have been burned by the Infidels. On this condition only will I accept the situation of Alcade; and when I have consecrated to your use my fortune and my life, I shall not have sufficiently recompensed you for having restored me my long lost Celestina."

All the spectators pressed around Don Pedro to embrace his knees. The Governor promised to arrange every thing according to his wishes; and two days after this Celestina was united to her lover. Notwithstanding the recent calamity, the villagers found means to prepare a feast in honour of their nuptials; and the two lovers lived to an advanced age, happy in themselves, and shedding bliss on all who surrounded them.

E. R.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

[*Continued from Page* 244.]

"SCARCELY knowing whether I ought to receive him as a friend or an enemy, for it had many times occurred to me that he had betrayed to the Prince the important secret of my appointment with the fair Zoe, I remained motionless and speechless. He advanced with open arms, and by his words and manner, soon convinced me I had injured by suspecting him. He left me not long in suspence as to the object of this visit: he ordered me to follow him, in terms very laconic indeed, and with the air of a man who has not an instant to waste, but in a way which impressed on my mind the transporting conviction that I should soon be at liberty. The mephitic air of my dwelling seemed to be not at all to his taste, and with rapid steps he ascended the steps that led from my dungeon.

"Under the guidance of this my tutelary angel, I reached a low arched door-way, which opened on an opposite part of the rock to that by which I had been dragged into my prison, and led to an ill cut flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a boat My deliverer made me a sign to be silent, and seizing the oars, he rowed me safely to a small creek, where we landed. He hurried along, and I followed without daring to utter a word. In about an hour we reached a solitary house, which we entered by a back door, of which my conductor had the key. We groped our way through several dark passages, till we reached a room where was a single light burning on a table. Having gently closed the door of the apartment, Theophrastus embraced and bade me welcome to a place of safety. He then unfolded the secret of my extraordinary deliverance.

"'Thank your stars,' he exclaimed, 'and the power of love, for having escaped the horrible death designed you; and prove that you are not deficient in gratitude, by hastening from the neighbourhood of a place which has cost you so much suffering. A jealous Prince is more to be dreaded than Argus or Briau: he has a thousand eyes to observe what is passing, and a thousand arms to avenge it. Zeus is the husband the most amorous, and the enemy the most vindictive, that exists in the world. The blood of a tyger circulates in his vains; love alone can restrain his fury. But even to this he refused your pardon. Zoe protested your innocence in vain; he swore your life should be the forfeit of your presumption, and your fate had been the same as that of numbers who have perished in the tower, if the Princess had not hazarded every thing for your sake. Her ferocious husband having set out for the chase, she profited by his absence in bribing the guard of the tower to convey to you the means of support. Her anxiety to do more for you, and the little prospect there appeared of procuring your liberty, brought on a severe illness. Consumed with fever, she approached rapidly the end of her days: a mortal paleness had succeeded the hectic flush of her cheek, and the flame of life seemed just extinct. She beckoned me to her bed-side, where, in a voice scarcely audible, she besought me to attempt something in your favour. Touched, penetrated to the soul, I swore to effect

your deliverance or perish in the attempt. One of your guards had received from me some important services, which he gratefully remembered; I sounded him, and found he was willing to risk much to oblige me. To be brief: I gained admittance into your prison, and it now rests with you to preserve at once my secret and yourself. A vessel is ready to sail for the Hellespont, prepare yourself then, I conjure you to depart in it.

"Is she then dead?" I exclaimed in a transport of grief. "Zoe, the enchanting, tender Zoe, lives she no longer, and shall I survive her? No, I swear, solemnly swear—"

"Madman!' cried Theophrastus, seizing me by the arm, 'the Princess lives, and may recover; but for her peace you must quit this place to return to it no more."

"How! quit Naxos without seeing her? I cannot, will not do it. The charms of Zoe, ever present to my thoughts, had made such an indelible impression on my heart, that it appeared to me far less terrible to part with life than to tear myself from this object of my adoration.—My friend, I added, your last words are to me the words of death. If you had let me remain in the tower, I should speedily have been freed from a life, which can be to me nothing but a life of misery if I am to be separated from Zoe. You have done nothing for me if you do not do more; contrive, therefore, that I may see the Princess, or leave me to perish by my own hand."

"The good Theophrastus regarded me with the air of a physician, who discovers the violence of his patient's malady in his ravings. 'Your project,' cried he, 'is that of a maniac: you have escaped death by a miracle; talk not of giving him a willing victim. But since I see that your passion triumphs over every consideration that it ought to yield to, I must secure your safety, my own, and that of the beauteous Zoe herself, by imparting a secret, by which you may both one day benefit. Learn, then, what is known but to a few; and what neither threats, nor promises, nor any thing short of the most lively friendship, could extort from me. This beauty whom you adore, this enchanting Zoe, is descended, as are many other beauties of Greece, from the race of the fairies. The ancient traditions of the divinities who formerly inhabited Greece, are not, as many pretend, mere chimeras. The poets, it is true, have mingled with them so many fables, that it has become as difficult to separate the false from the true, as to separate silver from mercury. It is nevertheless certain, that the gods of the ancient world are a set of aerial beings who inhabit the superior regions of the atmosphere, that is to say, who dwell on the summit of Mount Olympus. They lived formerly in habits of familiarity with the human race, they intermarried with the children of Adam, and the posterity resulting from these unions is perpetuated in these our days. The swan who surprised in her bed the beautiful Leda, and whom the poets have termed the god of thunder, was nothing more than one of those beings, and the females who sprung from this connection have possessed from generation to generation, the power of assuming, under certain circumstances, and with certain views, the form of a swan.

"There exist, in some particular parts of the world, three springs, which belong to the aerial beings of whom I have been speaking. Their waters have the property of preserving in eternal youth and beauty these immortal proprietors, and all who are descended from them, provided they bathe in the springs at a certain part of the year; but as those sources are very remote, and the descendants of Leda alone have the power of using wings, many of the progeny of the fairies cannot avail themselves of the prerogatives of their birth; though descended from the immortals, they undergo the fate of the children of Adam, and fade and die like the flowers of the field.

"How strange soever the assertion may appear to you, noble cavalier, it is nevertheless most true, that the fair Zoe, the lovely object of your wishes, can trace her ancestors up to Leda. The strongest proof I am able to give you of it is, that every year she assumes the figure of a swan, and pays a visit to the baths of beauty. This annual journey lasts nine days; and not a female who has the power to make it, ever neglects to gratify her vanity by an immersion productive of such extraordinary effects as a renewal of youth and beauty. If then, you are willing to encounter the fatigue of repairing to one of those marvellous fountains, you will have the happiness of again beholding the object of your affections. The first of them is situate in the kingdom of Abyssinia, and is the source of the celebrated Nile. The second is a lake without bottom, at the foot of Mount Ararat; and is the same that swallowed up the waters of the deluge. The third is placed in Germany; it is called the Lake of the Swans, and occupies the middle of an extensive and romantic valley. This last being nearest Naxos, is the one which Zoe commonly visits. You will readily distinguish the fairy swans from the others, by a crown of plumes which ornaments the heads of the former; and as they resume their natural form the instant they plunge into the water, you will be at no loss to perceive if the beautiful Zoe be among them. If you have the happiness to see her, lose not an instant in admiring her matchless form, but fly to snatch up the plumage she has discarded, which

you will find on the banks of the lake. The Princess will then be completely in your power, having no longer the power to resume her flight. Love will teach you how to profit by the advantage.

"Theophrastus ceased to speak, and I remained silent, ignorant whether I ought to consider what I had heard as no more than a fiction, invented solely to delude me. He swore to me, however, in the most solemn manner, that he had asserted nothing but what was true, and with a tone of sincerity that left me without the power of distrusting him any longer. Embracing him, therefore, with transport, I submitted myself to his guidance, and was conducted on board the vessel of which he had spoke to me.

"I crossed the Hellespont, and arrived at Constantinople, where I purchased the habit of a pilgrim. I then set out for Germany, in which country I wandered a considerable time before I discovered the object of my search, the tranquil Lake of the Swans. At last I found it, and here I formed this hermitage, concealing my real views under the hypocritical mask of devotion. I was presently visited by several pious men, who believed me to be a saint, and came to be enlightened by my experience. Little did they suspect that my desires were all terrestrial, that I nourished in my heart an ardent passion for a bewitching mortal, and that nothing occupied me less than cares and preparations for that state towards which they believed all my views directed. My eyes, it is true, are continually elevated towards heaven, but it was to feast them with the sight of tracks which I trusted would soon be pursued by the lovely descendants of the race of the immortals.

"One of my first cares was to construct, on the brink of the lake, a cabin of rushes, to serve me as a place of observation, when the time arrived for the beauteous bathers to make their appearance. There I passed the greatest part of every day, and I soon found that Theophrastus had not imposed upon me.

"Just before the summer solstice, I beheld with transport several groupes of swans arrive at the lake. They plunged into its undulating waters, and instantly losing the form of birds, appeared as so many divinities. But she for whom I anxiously looked, arrived not. I saw not Zoe, and no other beauty could fix my eyes for a single instant. For three successive summers my hopes were disappointed in like manner; yet I remained constantly at my post; despair did not yet assail me.

"Towards the solstice of the fourth summer, I heard one night the sound of the flapping of wings, and presently after I perceived several nymphs bathing in the lake, and who, not supposing themselves seen, positively floated on the surface. As soon as it was sufficiently light to allow me to discover their features, I beheld,—O, transport indescribable! beautiful Zoe herself. My heart beat with tumultuous delight, and such was the agitation of my soul, that I entirely forgot the important instruction I had received from my friend Theophrastus. Instead of securing the possession of my angel, by seizing the plumage which had floated to the brink, in the excess of my joy I darted from my concealment, and extending my arms, exclaimed,—"Enchanting Princess of Naxos! soul of my existence! thou whom I have never ceased to adore! recognize your faithful lover, who for four years has attended at the fountain of beauty, with all the ardour and impatience the most impassioned tenderness can inspire."

"The nymphs, astonished and terrified, uttered a general shriek, and collecting water in the palms of their hands, threw it in my face to prevent me from seeing them. This brought to my recollection the fate of Acteon, and instantly retreating, they slid among some rushes, and remained there concealed. But presently seven swans rose from the lake, and flapping the air with their wings, elevated themselves in the horizon and presently disappeared. It was then, and then only, I remembered my fatal omission. I tore the clothes from my back, the hair from my head, and committed a thousand acts of phrenzy. A sort of stupor succeeded this despair, and I began to retrace, almost unconsciously, the path to this my hermitage. In passing the spot where the cygnets had commenced their flight, I saw on the sand the impression of a delicate foot, which I knew to be that of Zoe, and near it a small packet, which I eagerly seized. On opening it, I found a white silk glove, which could have been formed for no hand but hers, and a ring, in the centre of which was a ruby of exquisite beauty, in the form of a heart. Imagining these objects were left by design, I pressed them to my lips as a happy omen of my future success. "Without doubt," I exclaimed, "Zoe is willing I should understand that she leaves her heart behind her; and that though the laws of decency would not permit her to quit her companions to remain with me, I may expect she will return alone as soon as she finds it possible."

"This sweet hope served even for years to console me, and sustain my patience, under repeated disappointments. Each year flights of swans appeared at the usual time, and I cautiously carried on my observations, which discovered to me forms celestial, but not that which alone was capable of moving my heart or gratifying my senses. My eyes sought Zoe only; alas! she returned no more. I preserved her ring and her

glove in a casket, her image was impressed on my heart.

"Around the place where I found my treasures, I planted odoriferous shrubs and flowers, and thus arose my little garden. Year after year flew away in the hope, always disappointed, of seeing the beloved of my soul return. My limbs are now tremulous with age, which has also furrowed my cheeks, and bleached my hair: nevertheless, the arrival of the swans never fails to agitate me with pleasure, to recall the memory of the pleasures and hopes of my youth, and the dreams of felicity which then gave the highest zest to every enjoyment which I found in the society of Zoe. It is true, that when I reflect on the occupations of my early life, and the frustration of some of my fondest hopes, I cannot but regard myself as an inconsiderate prodigal, who squanders his wealth without enjoying it. My days have vanished like a vision of night, and the close of life approaches without finding me in possession of one consolation, but what arises from the conviction that my fate has been that of millions of others. The life of man is a dream; he is continually accupied in the pursuit of pleasure, flying after that which he is not destined to seize, and spending his strength in vain efforts to accomplish what mocks his exertion. To marry, and devote his days to promoting the happiness of his wife, and the interests of his rising family, is what man was designed for. Fulfil then, my son, this destiny; when my eyes are closed, watch at the lake, and if fortune favours thee, thou mayest procure an amiable wife of the race of faries. Thou knowest how to secure her; if she is willing to live with thee, try to indemnify her by love for what she renounces; if her heart be already given, and she cannot recal it, set her free: thou hast no right to constrain her."

[*To be continued.*] p. 34.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

BETWEEN A FAKIR AND A VESTAL.

Fakir. WHAT benefit have I received for having for forty years sat upon nails, slept standing, suspended myself by a rope, and hung over flames un'il my nose began to take fire? I thought I should have ascended in a direct line to the paradise of the Holy Prophet, and there inclose in my arms the lovely forms of the blue-eyed Houris. But how sadly I have been deceived! I have neither wife nor body; I am only a poor wandering shade, that a blast of wind beats to and fro; I have no longer the same desires, which I heretofore curbed that I might be better enabled to enjoy celestial happiness.

Vestal. It well becomes you to complain!—You were not buried alive. I suppose they did not confine you in the sepulchre before you had ceased to breathe.

Fakir. You must then have fallen into a terrible swoon.

Vestal. No; a senate who called themselves the legislators of the whole world, and a people celebrated for their conquest, condemned me to this dreadful punishment.

Fakir. You had then betrayed the state?

Vestal. No.

Fakir. What then was your crime?

Vestal. Ah! my crime!

Fakir. You hesitate.

Vestal. There are some things which are painful to relate———.

Fakir. Why? The deeds we have committed in the terrestrial world with our bodies, no longer concern us; it is a sort of covering which we have thrown off, and which now does not belong to us. Let us candidly confess our past follies. I have been a fool all my life—starving, lashing, and lacerating my poor body, that was ready to sink under the torments I inflicted upon it. But you do not appear to have done the same.—Come, come, do not blush; tell me all; what signifies the stains of a garment which is no longer our property?

Vestal (sighing.) Have you heard of Rome?

Fakir. Never.

Vestal. How! It has conquered the whole world.

Fakir. The whole world! Not quite; for I protest I never heard this Rome mentioned. But what concern is there between this city and your extraordinary burial.

Vestal. This city, which swayed the universe, saw me born. The inhabitants thought their preservation depended upon twelve shields, which were said to have fallen from heaven, and the existence of a fire said to have descended from the same channel.

Fakir. A singular superstition truly, to be credited by a people, whom you represent as having swayed the earth by their laws and force of arms.

Vestal. The care of this sacred fire, which burned in a temple, was confided to the care of young maidens. I was chosen to watch beside this celestial flame; and as the empire would be considered in danger if it were extinguished, our negligence was punished with death. We were also ordered to remain virgins, under the threat of being buried alive.

Fakir. Ah, madam! I now plainly guess, why you have descended into the tomb before your death. But I cannot help admiring this mighty and powerful nation who entrust their future grandeur to the frail seal of virginity.

Vestal. They did every thing to make us forget our sacrifice. Rank, dignities, honours, riches, all was bestowed on us. The best seats at the theatre were consecrated to our use. The axe and the fasces preceded us, and those of the consuls were lowered in our presence. If a criminal crossed our path, this meeting determined his pardon, and saved him from death.

Fakir. These are fine privileges; but surrounded by all these honours, still you did not think yourselves sufficiently repaid.

Vestal. Notwithstanding the dreadful law, the disgrace, the cruel death with which I was menaced, I became—sacrilegious.

Fakir. Your temptations must have been very great to make you brave so awful a punishment.

Vestal. The satallites, the executioners, the desolation of Rome, of my family, of the pontiffs, the threats of heaven and earth—all disappeared at the sight of my lover's tears.—He had as much to fear as myself.

Fakir. I can say no more.

Vestal. When I took the vow, an universal calmness filled my soul, and the innocence in which I lived could not teach me the extent of my sacrifice. Soon, in solitude, the veil of infancy was torn asunder—I felt an insupportable void; my imagination pierced the temple's walls, and from its gloomy vaults wandered in search of the being whom I fondly believed was possessed of every earthly perfection. The duties of my office became tiresome and appeared too severe; overwhelmed with honours, I longed to enjoy the small portion of liberty granted the wife of the most obscure citizen, and in that sacred fire lighted on Vesta's altar, I beheld a faint image of the flame which devoured my heart.

Fakir. Your blindness at least was not equal to mine; I was really the dupe of all my extravagancies before I proved their victim. In the simplicity of my heart I became a martyr, and that is more than many others have done. But let me hear more of your lover.—Tell me his name; for I am interested in your destiny.

Vestal. His name was Valerius; the first time I saw him in the temple, he was attentively observing me; and I felt as though a burning arrow had stung my heart; I met one of his glances, and it seemed as though a new day shone around me, and a new existence thrilled through my veins. Nature smiled more lovely, and for the first time I enjoyed a foretaste of happiness. Whenever I fancied my lover had entered the temple, my walk became more graceful and dignified: concealed in the midst of the crowd, I thought he contemplated me, and often while acclamations of praise rose around me during our festivals, those who attended them were ignorant of the cause which induced me to display the elegance of my shape, and increase the solemnity of the sacrifice. But when the crowd departed, the temple gates were closed—all around me seemed desolate; and my soul felt no other sensations than those of melancholy and despair. With stifled sighs I hailed the awful solitude of the edifice.—"I love," said I, "and far from me, surrounded by numerous fascinating females, Valerius will disdain a triumph that will cost him so much; for me he will not have the courage to brave death; he will only have to choose among the Roman ladies, who are all endeavouring to ensnare him. Shall I then never know whether he loves me, and am I condemned to remain in this cruel suspence?"

Fakir. Your lover, perhaps, on his side, was making similar reflections.

Vestal. He had read my thoughts, and from that moment he became worthy of me. The next festival he repaired to the temple; my companions and myself, ranged in order for a processsion, and bearing in our hands the sacred vases, with slow steps traversed the interior of of the sanctuary; a thin veil permitted us to see around us, though it partially concealed us from the gaze of others. Valerius had placed himself among the first row of spectators; when I arrived near him, I cast a look at him which was half extinguished by my veil; for answer, he laid his hand upon his heart, and instantly I perceived his eyes illumed, and then filled with tears, while mine were nearly deprived of the faculty of seeing. Almost fainting, I endeavoured to grasp the vase, which nearly fell from my trembling hand; but joy and hope filled my heart: proud and satisfied, I advanced with a more steady step towards the altar, not doubting but my lover would undertake and overcome every difficulty.

Fakir. You interest me, Priestess; I, who never would speak of love during my life, you make me listen to its picture after my death. I still feel it is something: come, go on, and let me know the end of your adventures.

Vestal. The following night I was watching in the temple; we alternately passed the whole night beside the sacred fire to supply it with fuel. This trembling flame alone served to light the majestic enclosure; when it became pale, the distant vaults inspired me with religious dread; but in this imposing solitude, I seemed to see the image of my lover floating around me: I stretched my arms towards heaven, uttering inarticulate moans, not daring to offer up my guilty vows; and embracing the statue of Vesta from a contrary sentiment, I exclaimed, "Oh, goddess! if I offend thee, make the coldness of this marble enter my heart! I burn, and I belong to another god! Of what importance is it to thee, that the sacred fire be constantly replenished by the hand of a virgin? Why should my homage be less pure, if my heart were divided between religion and love?"—In pronouncing these words, I heard a noise in the vaults of the temple; I turned my head, and at one of the open windows beheld a man in the act of leaping from the height which separated us. I would have screamed, but my voice died away. With the help of a cord he slid, and fell with all the weight of his body upon his knees. I shuddered, and thought he must have covered the pavement with his blood. I ran towards him, and raised him, but he could not speak. For some time he leaned his head and hands against one of the pillars: my heart was torn with fear; but he soon recovered, and we wandered through the deep and solitary recesses of the temple; our hands were joined together, and our souls melted with love, whose inebriating delirium snatched away every idea of my situation and the fire entrusted to my care. Overwhelmed with transports of joy I had never felt before, the rapid hours winged their flight; but the past and the present were equally indifferent to me; I existed for Valerius alone—he was the god of the temple; and, entirely occupied in listening to him, I did not heed that darkness which began to envelope us on all sides; it increased, and soon would have reached the sacred spot. The fire still threw a wavering flame, but perhaps it might be the last; I perceived the danger, and tearing myself from my lover, ran towards it—the flame became paler, trembled, seemed to spring up again for an instant, but its last spark expired as I arrived at the altar. A light smoke seemed to pronounce my dreadful sentence. Valerius followed my steps, took my cold hand, and supported my almost dying frame. I implored Vesta, I implored love.—Valerius blew the sparkless embers; ye gods! he was not then guilty, for on a sudden I saw the sacred fire light up, sparkle, and spring up from its ashes.

Fakir. How fervently you must have thanked Vesta!

Vestal. How fervently I thanked love!—Valerius appeared to me a thousand times more amiable; the danger I had run endeared him still more to my heart, and the tears of gratitude for once, equalled those of love.

Fakir. It appears you were not ungrateful?

Vestal. Alas! in the midst of his vows of eternal love, I did not feel happy; I already experienced the horrors of separation.—The day began to dawn, and I was obliged to exert more than mortal courage to drive him from the temple. The seventh day again brought my office of priestess.

Fakir. How much you must have been attached to each other?

Vestal. I directed him to come to the same spot at the same hour; he was very certain of my love, for I could have wished to bury in oblivion the six tedious days which would separate us!

Fakir. You made me shudder at your danger, at the moment when I thought the flame had expired; and how came you to dare again the same peril?

Vestal. Ah, Fakir! you have never loved! I see it plainly; you have only viewed houris in imagination.—Learn then what you have never before conceived—learn that youth and inexperience might have induced me to take the first step; but love compelled me to the second. I was proud of my passion; so new a sentiment gave every object that accelerated my happiness the same warmth with which I was penetrated. I called upon the seventh day; I gazed on the sun, and accused its tardiness: I always longed for its going down, and could have wished to make it accomplish in one day, its course of seven. Ah, Fakir! I may be allowed now to expose in all its extent, a weakness which I have so cruelly expiated.

Fakir. I cannot help admiring, madam, how much you were an anti-vestal.

Vestal. Placed far from this horrid temple, I should have been a wife, and a mother.

Fakir. That is well said. And I, who have flagellated myself for forty-five years, what benefit has it produced to the world? I piously thought this was a virtuous act. The people of Rome, then, were as mad as those of my country; this at least is consoling, and I imagine that this epidemical distemper is universal.—Well, did Valerius return on the seventh day?

Vestal. Alas! he did, for our mutual misfortune.

Fakir. How?

Vestal. We were suspected—his footsteps had been discovered.

Fakir. Ah! I tremble for him; this was much worse than the extinguished fire.

Vestal. Vesta was avenged, Fakir.

Fakir. Here is a cruel goddess—but why invent such?

Vestal. She reigned before me, and in coming into the world I was subjected to her laws.—Ah, Fakir, pity me! I abandoned myself wholly to the delight of again seeing my lover. Fear was entirely banished from my mind; but how shall I pourtray the horrors which disturbed our happiness, when loud and repeated shouts resounded through the depths of the temple, and when armed satellites, carrying flaming torches, dispelled the obscurity of the place, and angry priests—

Fakir. Priests! did you say!—Ah, then all is over! I already see you in the fatal tomb.

Vestal. The affliction of my sister vestals, the reproaches I saw written in every face, the indignation I read in every look, and more then all, the sight of my lover chained, vainly struggling, and casting a last look at me; consider these objects, they all attacked at the same instant my eyes, my heart, and my ears; I saw the consternation, which from the narrow limits of the temple, would soon extend throughout Rome and its empire; and one would have thought it verged upon its ruin. The ornaments that I wore as a priestess, were torn from me and only touched with fearful hands; the state expected nothing but the most dreadful disasters; all affairs, as well public as private, were suspended; and one would have said that Valerius had broken the talisman that supported the empire.

Fakir. It is very singular that so austere a people should have chosen such a talisman.

Vestal Soon a sentence was pronounced by all the Pontiffs, which condemned me to descend, living, into a species of vault, where, thro' an insulting pity, would be deposited some bread, some milk and water, and a gloomy lamp, as though to make the victim taste the preparations of her death, and the prolongation of her punishment. Conducted to the place of my sepulchre, the crowd dared not cross my path; friends, parents, all abandoned me: I found myself only surrounded by priests, judges, and executioners, who, with their eyes fixed on the earth, kept a dismal silence. The grand Pontiff, on the point of making me descend the fatal ladder which was to separate me from the living, wished to exhort me, and spoke to me of his gods; but I silenced him.—"Stop, barbarian," said I, "touch me not, I will descend into the bowels of the earth without thy assistance; there I shall no longer hear thy bloody rites mentioned. Does it belong to thee to dare to judge of love? If Valerius be not condemned, I die content. I have transgressed against the laws of Vesta, but those of nature are more ancient and more sacred. If at an unexperienced age I blindly bore the chains of superstition, I had a right to burst from my bondage at that of reason and sentiment. The fire which you feed on Vesta's altar will die away, but love will never be extinguished, because it is lighted by the mighty hand of Nature. This is the fire which I have cherished, which I have preserved with care, and which I never will abandon but in death, or rather which will survive my mortal frame."

Fakir. Did not this speech affect the priest.

Vestal. No; I descended into the tomb which awaited me, and was enclosed in it. Judge of my feelings when I saw the earth fall around me, and bury me in a narrow grave, beside a lamp which would be extinguished with my life. What remains for me to tell cannot be expressed. Suffering a thousand deaths, passing from despair to annihilation, and from annihilation to despair; what anguish I endured for the crime of having loved! But amidst all my pangs of misery I never once reproached love; it was still in my heart, and seemed to calm my torments. I pronounced the name of Valerius, and my most acute pain was the reflection of having caused his misfortune; I forgot my own, and only ceased to think of my lover when I had ceased to exist.

Fakir. We must forget the past, as it is now nearly the same, whether we have lived happy or miserable. Life is for us but a confused dream, and let no unpleasant remembrance trouble the peace we enjoy. Leave that miserable Rome and its priests. Do you believe that they still have vestals?

Vestal. Do you think that fakirs still exist?

Fakir. Yes. Adieu, priestess.

E. R.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF MOZART.

[*Concluded from Page* 261.]

MOZART dedicated a set of *quartetti* to him. The Dedication is a monument of his modesty and of his respect for that great man.—"I owe him," says he, "that homage; for it is from Haydn that I have learned to compose *quartetti*."

Another composer of Vienna, able and learned enough, but without genius, and who only since the death of Mozart has been in some repute, delighted in nibbling and carping at Haydn's glory; he often importuned Mozart, by bringing him symphonies and *quartetti* of that composer, which he had taken the pains to write in partition, in order to scan them, pointing out all the slight negligences which might have escaped that great master. Mozart always interrupted and cut short the conversation; but one day he lost his patience, and said to him, with vivacity,—"Know, Sir, that if we two were cast in one, we should not equal Haydn."

His disinterestedness was extreme. He has even furnished malignity with puerile anecdotes, little pertaining to the superiority of his genius; but more just appreciators have gathered traits, which to genius add the charm of nobleness and of goodness. Mozart frequently composed sonatas and other pieces for his friends, which he gave them without retaining a copy; the music-merchants, who were always on the catch, collected those pieces, and published them for their own account. When he was told this:—"They are shabby fellows," said he, "what would you have me do?" He once composed an opera gratuitously, to retrieve the affairs of a country manager, upon the sole condition that no copy should be taken of it, that if it succeeded he might dispose of it to others, and reap its emoluments: the opera did succeed, and shortly appeared in several theatres without Mozart's permission:—"They are shabby fellows," was again all his vengeance, and he thought no more of the matter.

Whilst he was at Leipzig several *motets*, or pieces for eight voices, were performed in his honour in St. Thomas's college. He was charmed with the precision of the execution, and acknowledged that neither Prague nor Vienna possessed such a perfect choir. Among the forty singers who formed it, he was particularly pleased with a counter-tenor. He afterwards entered into conversation with him, and took an opportunity of privately slipping a considerable present into his hand.

An old harpsichord tuner came to put some strings on his travelling forte-piano. Mozart asked him what he charged, saying he was going away. This poor man, who looked on him almost as a god, answered quite disconcerted, humbled, and stammering:—"Imperial Majesty! lord and master of the chapel of his Imperial Majesty! I cannot.—It is true, I have attended several times.—Well, you shall give me half-a-crown." "Half-a-crown!" cries Mozart, "for shame, such a clever man as you are should not undervalue his talents;" and he gave him a few ducats. The old man retired with numberless bows, and continually repeating,—"Ah! Imperial Majesty!"

It must be here observed, that for tuning a harpsicord or piano, in Germany, sixpence, or at most a shilling is charged; but the most remarkable part of this anecdote is not the generosity of Mozart, but the motive for the respectful stupefaction of the old tuner in his presence. It was not his fame, his genius, or his skill, which had this effect, the poor man knew nothing of those matters; but Mozart was the Emperor's Master of the Chapel; this title was to him as something magical and sacred, which surrounded Mozart like a glory; and he, prostrating himself, stuttered,—"Imperial Majesty."

The French translator of the foregoing anecdotes from the German of C. F. Cramer, here mentions again the *Enchanted Flute*, one of Mozart's masterpieces, and that those who translated it into French, and who have taken various parts of it to form the grand opera of the *Mysteries of Isis*, were severely censured for having done so. He takes their part on several points, and particularly justifies them for having introduced pieces of Mozart into that opera, saying that there is little more unity in the original work, of which the grossest defects were left out in the French translation. He adds, that the greatest masters in Italy and in Germany, sometimes insert in one opera pieces which they made for another; that Mozart frequently took that liberty; and, lastly, that Gluck himself, that greatest of dramatic musicians, never scrupled to do the same.

He quotes first the grand air in *Iphigenie en Tauride*, "O malheureuse Iphigenie!" which is note for note the air in *Ezio*, formerly composed at Naples, "Se mai sentai spirarti nel volto." We might ask what relation can there be between the sentiment of Ezio and that of Iphigenia? between the words of Metastasio, "If

thou ever feelest respiring on thy face a light breath which slowly environs it," and these verses of Guillard, " O unhappy Iphigenia, thy family is annihilated."

Secondly, in that same Iphigenia, the chorus, " Let us contemplate the sad preparations," which is usually omitted on the stage, and which is only the chorus of *Iphigenie en Aulide*, " What attractions! what majesty!" transposed into another key.

Might we not here again ask whether there is much relation between the *preparations* for the sacrifice of *Orestes* and the *attractions* of *Iphigenia* entering the camp of the Greeks in triumph?

After having cited two or three more examples from the same master, he adds: " I say more; Gluck has sometimes permitted himself to borrow certain sublime chords of his tragic lyre, from other composers; he has taken the subject of one of the most energetic airs of his *Iphigenie en Tauride*, " I implore thee, and I tremble," from a work where one would least think to find it, from an old jig, by the father of German Fugues, Sebastian Bach, whose profound works although not much known, will always form an abundant source and inexhaustible treasure of grand and learned harmony. In proof of this assertion, the German author has given an engraving of the entire jig, wherein may be seen, but conducted and handled with all the science and mastery of that great harmonist, the bass-motive, of which the return produces such a remarkable effect in the air of his above-mentioned opera."

To return to Mozart. Towards the end of his life, already enfeebled by illness, especially by the irritation of his nervous system, and being naturally timid, he was continually disturbed with doleful ideas of destruction and death. He then set himself to work with such activity, that it appeared as if he wished to escape from the sensible world, and take refuge among the creations of his own genius. He carried this proceeding to such a pitch, that he not only forgot every thing which surrounded him, but sometimes almost annihilated himself, and sunk senseless in his armed-chair, from whence he was carried to bed. Every body perceived that such fatigue would quite exhaust him. The exhortations of his wife and his friends, with the efforts which were made to divert him, were not of the least use. Sometimes he was persuaded to take an airing in a carriage; but he paid no attention to any thing, but remained absorbed in his imaginations, which brought on involuntary shiverings. His wife invited some of his friends to visit him; he was pleased to see them, but continued his work. He did not listen to their conversation, and when they spoke to him, he was not angry, but answered in monosyllables, and went on writing.

In this state of mind he wrote his *Enchanted Flute*, and his *Clemency of Titus*. In composing the first of those two operas, he abandoned himself to his genius, and knew neither day nor night; he frequently during this labour fell into the most absolute exhaustion, and into swoons, which lasted many minutes. This opera was represented at Vienna a prodigious number of times, but the languor of Mozart increased so much, that he was unable to direct the orchestra above ten nights. When he could no longer attend the theatre, he fretted, and placing his watch before him, fancied he heard his music, and observing the hours, said,—" Ah! the first act is now finished; now they are playing such an air," &c. All at once the idea that every thing would soon finish for him, made him shudder, and sink into profound melancholy.

He was sitting one day immersed in gloomy thoughts, when a carriage stopt at his door, a stranger was announced, and entered his apartment. He was an elderly gentleman, whom neither Mozart nor his wife had ever seen. He required Mozart to compose a *requiem*, to celebrate the anniversary of the death of a person of distinction, whom he declined naming. This proposal, and its mysterious air, greatly affected Mozart. He consented to the request. The unknown person left a hundred ducats on the table and disappeared. Mozart, buried in his afflictive ideas, heard not his wife's observations on this incident; after a quarter of an hour's silence, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and went to work. His interest appeared to increase in every bar; he toiled day and night. He could not long undergo such fatigue, and fainted several times; he was with difficulty prevailed on to go out for a few minutes in a carriage; he remained mute, and lost in thought. He had persuaded himself he was composing the hymn for his own funeral; this idea never left him, and he continued his work, like Raphael, who absorbed in the sentiment of his approaching death, still laboured at his picture of the Transfiguration.

The journey he made to Prague, where he composed the *Clemency of Titus*, for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, averted his gloomy thoughts for a while; but as soon as he got back to Vienna he returned with renewed energy to finish his *requiem*.

The stranger called on him again; Mozart excused himself for not being ready with the music, but promised it should be finished in a month. The stranger was satisfied, and left him another hundred ducats, always declining to make himself known. A servant was ordered to follow him, but soon returned, saying, he was unable to keep

up with the carriage. Mozart took it into his head that this man came from the other world, and was the angel of his death. This idea exalted him still more with the hope of erecting an immortal monument to his memory. During this intense labour he became gradually more feeble, and more subject to fainting fits, notwithstanding which he persevered with the same obstinacy and ardour. At the expiration of the month he had terminated the work; a few days after the stranger returned,—but Mozart was in the grave.

In 1782, a theatre was opened in Paris, consecrated almost exclusively for the performance of the original masterpieces of Mozart, hitherto disfigured by translations and inaccurate performance.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM ROBERT BURNS.

BEING THE FOUNDATION OF ONE OF HIS MOST EXCELLENT POEMS.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg.
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire:
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round with prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry.—

In a collection of miscellaneous papers of the antiquary Grose, which I purchased a few years since, I found the following letter written to him by Burns, when the former was collecting the Antiquities of Scotland; when I premise it was on the second tradition that he afterwards formed the inimitable tale of "Tam O'Shanter," I cannot doubt of its being read with great interest. It were "burning day light" to point out to a reader (and who is not a reader of Burns?), the thoughts he afterwards transplanted into the rhythmical narrative. O. G.

LETTER OF ROBERT BURNS TO FRANCIS GROSE, F. A. S. CONCERNING WITCH-STORIES.

Among the many witch stories I have heard relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whirling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail, in short, on such a night as the devil would chuse to take the air in, a farmer, or farmer's servant, was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk.—As good luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junto were all on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was, in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman; so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows:—

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business till by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard-hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothic

window which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches around their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the powers of his bagpipe.—The farmer stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly decry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud, laugh, "Weel luppen * Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Luckily it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of the horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing vengeful hags, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal gripe, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the chearful day, a shepherd boy belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, "Up, horsie!" on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest "Up, horsie!" and strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.—The poor shepherd had, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Alloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. I am, &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

* Luppen, Scots, participle passive of the verb to leap.

AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DR. JOHN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

THE late Dr. John Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, was born in 1721. He was son of Mr. Archibald Douglas, a respectable merchant at the port of Pittenweem, in Fifeshire. His grandfather (being a younger brother of the family of Douglas of Talliquilly, in the shire of Kinross, which is one of the oldest branches of the house of Douglas now in existence), was an eminent clergyman of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and the immediate successor of Bishop Burnet, in the living of Salten, in East Lothian, from which preferment he was ejected, at the Revolution, when Presbyterianism was established in Scotland.

The Bishop was, for some years, at school at Dunbar; in 1736, he was entered a Commoner at St. Mary Hall, and remained there till 1738, when he removed to Baliol College on being elected an Exhibitioner on Bishop Warner's foundation. In 1741, he took his Bachelor's degree; and in 1742, in order to acquire a facility of speaking French, which he had previously learned grammatically, he went abroad, and remained for some time at Montreal, in Picardy, and afterwards at Ghent, in Flanders. On his return to college, in 1743, he took his Master's degree, and having been ordained Deacon in

1744, he was appointed to officiate as chaplain to the third regiment of Guards, which he joined when serving with the combined army in Flanders. During the time he remained with the army, he employed himself in the study of modern languages. He was not an inactive spectator of the battle of Fontenoy, which happened April 29, 1745; as, on that occasion, he was employed in carrying orders from General Campbell to the English, who guarded the village in which he and the other Generals were stationed. In September 1745, he returned to England with that detachment of the army which was ordered home on the breaking out of the rebellion; and having no longer any connexion with the Guards, he went back to Baliol College, where he was elected one of the Exhibitioners on Mr. Snell's foundation. In 1747, he was ordained priest, and became curate of Tilchurst, near Reading, and afterwards of Dunstew, in Oxfordshire, where he was residing when, at the recommendation of Dr. Charles Stuart, and Lady Allen, a particular friend of the Bishop's mother, he was selected by Lord Bath as a tutor to accompany Lord Pulteney on his travels.

Of the tour which he then made there exists a manuscript account, in his own hand-writing: it relates principally, if not exclusively, to the governments and political relations of the several countries through which he passed. In October 1749, he returned to England, and took possession of Eaton Constantine, and the donative of Uppington, in Shropshire, on the presentation of Lord Bath. In November 1750, he published his first literary work, "The Vindication of Milton," from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Lauder. In the same year, he was presented by Lord Bath to the living of High Ercal, and vacated that of Eaton Constantine. He only resided occasionally on his livings; and, at the desire of Lord Bath, took a house in a street contiguous to Bath-House, where he passed the winter months. In the summer he generally accompanied Lord Bath in his excursions to Shrewsbury, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Bath, and in his visits to the Duke of Cleveland's, Lord Lyttelton's, Sir H. Bedingfeld's, &c. In September 1752, he married Miss Dorothy Pershouse, sister of Richard Pershouse, Esq. of Reynold's Hall, near Walsall, in Staffordshire, and within three months became a widower. In the spring of 1754, he published the "Criterion of Miracles," in the form of a letter to an anonymous correspondent, since known to have been Dr. Adam Smith. In 1755, he wrote a pamphlet entitled, "An Apology for the Clergy," against the Hutchinsonians, &c. and shortly afterwards, another pamphlet entitled, "The Destruction of the French foretold by Ezekiel," against the same sects, being an ironical defence of them against the attack made on them in the former pamphlet, and a burlesque of their style of expounding the Scriptures. In 1756, he published his first pamphlet against Archibald Bower; and in the autumn of that year, a pamphlet entitled, "A serious Defence of the Administration," being an ironical justification of their introducing foreign troops to defend this country. In 1757, he published "Bower and Tillemont compared;" within a very short time afterwards, "A full Confutation of Bower's three Defences;" and in the spring of 1758, "The complete and final Detection of Bower." In the Easter term of this year, he took his Doctor's degree, and was presented by Lord Bath to the living of Kenley, in Shropshire. In 1759, he published "The Conduct of a late Noble Commander candidly considered," in defence of Lord George Sackville. He was induced to take this side of the question by no other motive than the palpable injustice of the attack made on Lord George Sackville by Ruffhead, before it could be known whether he really deserved censure; nor did any one ever know that he wrote this pamphlet except Millar, the bookseller, to whom he made a present of the copy. In the same month he wrote and published, "A Letter to two great Men on the Approach of Peace," a pamphlet which excited great attention, and always passed for having been written by Lord Bath. In 1760, he wrote the preface to the translation of "Hooke's Negociations." He was this year appointed one of his Majesty's chaplains. In 1761, he published "Seasonable Hints from an honest Man," as an exposition of Lord Bath's sentiments. In November 1762, he was, through the interest of Lord Bath, made Canon of Windsor. In December of that year, on the day on which the preliminaries of peace were to be taken into consideration in parliament, he wrote the paper called "The Sentiments of a Frenchman," which was printed on a sheet of paper, pasted upon the walls in every part of London, and distributed among the members as they entered the House. In 1763, he superintended the publication of "Henry Earl of Clarendon's Diary and Letters," and wrote the preface which is prefixed to those papers. In June of this year, he accompanied Lord Bath to Spa, where he became acquainted with the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick (the late Duke), from whom he received marked and particular attention, and with whom he was afterwards in correspondence. It is known that within a few years there existed a series of letters, which were written by him during his stay at Spa, and a book containing copies of all the letters which he had subsequently written to and received from the Prince of Bruns-

wick, on the state of parties, and the characters of their leaders in this country, and on the policy and effect of its continental connections. But as these have not been found, there is reason to apprehend that they may have been destroyed, in consideration of some of the persons being still alive, whose characters, conduct, and principles were the topics of that correspondence. In 1764, Lord Bath died, and left him his library; but General Pulteney wishing that it should not be removed from Bath-House, he relinquished his claim, and accepted a thousand pounds in lieu of it. General Pulteney left it to him again at his death, and he again gave it up to the late Sir W. Pulteney for the same sum. It has been erroneously stated, that his own valuable library had been derived from this source, whereas it was entirely collected by himself. In 1764, he exchanged his livings in Shropshire for that of St. Austin's and St. Faith's, in Watling-street, London. In April 1765, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Rooke, Esq. During this and the preceding year, as also in 1763, he wrote several political papers, which were printed in the Public Advertiser; and all the letters which appeared in that paper, in 1770 and 1771, under the signatures of *Tacitus* and *Manlius*, were written by him. In 1773, he assisted Sir John Dalrymple in arranging his MSS. In 1776, he was removed from the Chapter of Windsor to that of St. Paul's. During this and the subsequent year, he was employed in preparing Captain Cook's Journal for publication, which he undertook at the urgent request of Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1777, he assisted Lord Hardwicke in arranging his miscellaneous papers, which came out the following year. In 1778, he was elected a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. In 1781, he was again applied to by Lord Sandwich, to reduce into a shape fit for publication, the Journal of Captain Cook's third and last Voyage; the Introduction and the Notes were supplied by him. In this year, he was elected President of Sion College for the year, and preached the Latin sermon before that body. In 1786, he was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Antiquarian Society; and in 1787, one of the Trustees of the British Museum. In September of this year, he was appointed Bishop of Carlisle; and in 1788, succeeded to the Deanry of Windsor, for which he vacated his Residentiaryship of St. Paul's. In 1789, he preached before the House of Lords, and of course published the sermon, on the anniversary of King Charles's martyrdom. In June 1791, he was translated to the See of Salisbury. In 1793, he preached the anniversary sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is prefixed to the annual printed account of their proceedings. Having been often and very urgently requested by many of his literary friends, to publish a new edition of the *Criterion*, which had been many years out of print, he undertook so lately as last autumn (1806) to revise that book. He had many years ago collected materials for a new and enlarged edition of that work, but unfortunately they had been either mislaid or lost, or more probably destroyed through mistake with some other manuscripts. This circumstance, and his very advanced age, sufficiently account for his not having attempted to alter materially, or to add to this original work.

In this statement, all the avowed publications of the Bishop are enumerated; but he has been concerned in many others, in which he was never supposed to have had any part, and in some of no common celebrity, whose nominal and reputed authors he permitted to retain, and enjoy exclusively, all that credit of which he could have justly laid claim to a considerable share. During a great part of his life, he was in correspondence with some of the most eminent literary and political characters of the age. Such were the habits of incessant application in which he persevered, almost to the last hour of his long protracted life, that few men could have read more, if indeed any one so much; for he never deemed any space of time too short to be employed in reading, nor was he ever seen by any of his family, except when strangers were present, without having a book or a pen in his hand.

The accounts which were inserted in many of the newspapers, of the illness which terminated in his death, were as incorrect as most of those which have been given of his life and writings. Instead of falling a victim to the gout, he can scarcely be said to have latterly any specific complaint. He retained his faculties to the last, and till within two days of his death amused himself, for some hours each day, by reading.—After a life thus devoted to the cause of literature and religion, and not spent in solitary seclusion from the world, but in the midst of its most active and busy scenes, he drew his last breath on Monday the 18th of May, without a struggle and without a pang, in the arms of his son, who, in order to correct the mis-statements, and supply the deficiencies of those accounts of him which have appeared in many public prints, has hastily extracted the above particulars from authentic documents now in his possession.—He was buried in a vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with a condescension not less honourable to his own feelings then to the memory of the Bishop, attended at his funeral.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page 203.*]

LETTER III.

Is the philosopher, to whom you showed my last letters, really astonished at my assertions, does he long for convincing proofs? I will give him a striking one. Let me have his picture; it will not be the first time I shall have delivered a just opinion upon a person I have not seen. I must repose a large share of confidence in you, and am persuaded you will send me an exact description, for my honour is interested in the result. You must not think, however, that I am in the habit of doing always the same, because the most expressive feature of a man often evades our observation, and the eyes of othres are not so skilled in tracing it out as those of a physiognomist himself. This time I will do my best, and do not fear to be for once mistaken. I am like one who delights in treating his friends, and whose hospitable nature is well known, he dreads not their arrival when least expected, because the joyful surprise he experiences pleads his excuse for his deficiency in providing them with a sumptuous fare. Do not inform your acquaintance of your intention; he might, perhaps, oppose it, or assume a different cast of countenance; and in this case, the exertions of your natural sagacity might prove fruitless, as philosophy, though it profess aloud to be a foe to falsehood, serves but too often, in this age, as a cloak to shelter deceit and treachery. I will candidly own, that I admire those who unfold their true temper to the sight of others; and am the more inclined to forgive their defects, which I would find more difficulty to overlook, were they to attempt to conceal them carefully from me. The being whose violent passions I may excuse, should he acknowledge their impetuosity, becomes hateful, should he withhold that confession from those whom he calls his sincere friends. Every man has been endowed with passions, and any effort made to hide, not to conquer them, must lead others to think that they are either very vicious or dangerous, since so much trouble is incurred to spread a belief of their non-existence. Such a temper must create mistrust, and compel people to be incessantly on their guard; this is the reason why I delight in finding them out, and when I have lifted the veil that covered them, to honour them with my contempt. Yet this is not sufficient to overbalance the grief I feel, when I witness how they succeed in deceiving less vigilant persons, who thus pay dear for their ignorance of phisiognomy; the knowledge of which would render it impossible for vice to wear the mask of virtue, and insincerity the garb of good faith.

I have perceived more than once that these wily hypocrites dread my presence; and when in company with me, their embarrassment is too great to be overcome, and too plain not to be remarked. This continual fear of being detected envenoms their minds; and I have often incurred the effects of their hatred without, however, repining at the knowledge I had acquired. Is it not very criminal to detest and torment a fellow-creature, because we cannot pass, in his eyes, for what we are not? But I must interrupt this epistle till I have read a letter which is just come; it will, probably, contain some questions relative to physiognomy; and if they deserve an answer, I will let you know it.—I was right; I am asked whether it be proper to improve the science I cultivate; and three reasons are adduced to prove I ought to give up this useful study, which I am desired to answer as well as I can. The first is, "there are more wicked than just men, and how can a knowledge which unfolds all the depravity of human nature to our eyes, be advantageous to us? Sorrow is the only harvest we may expect to reap from it; for we cannot help being saddened by the reflection, that the immense family to which we belong is composed of such despicable beings. The sole effect of this science will, therefore, be that of increasing the number of misanthropes, who fear and avoid all intercourse with their fellow-creatures, because they dread to fall victims to their unruly passions."

The second proceeds from the first:—"It is very dangerous, I am told, to know men so well: nothing will deter them so much from cultivating our acquaintance; they are not fond of being studied, and feel embarrassed when they meet with people whom they deem capable of penetrating through the veil of deceit with which they envelope their true nature. But when, especially, they are conscious that such a knowledge can lead us only to despise them, it is more than embarrassment, it is hatred that agitates their breast."

The third and last is:—"That such information must prove useless to those who have lavished their time away upon acquiring it; and who, being equally the sport of events as the rest of mankind, can neither foresee nor turn them to their own advantage. In a word, the study of

physiognomy is neither honourable to the human race, whom it degrades in our sight, favourable to individuals, whose share of grief it increases, nor useful to those who possess it, and derive no benefit from it."

The person who wrote this letter is so fully persuaded that his reasons cannot be answered, that he has no doubt of my adopting his way of thinking, and giving up this dangerous, and at best, useless study! His triumphant tone might awe another being, less accustomed to such boasting adversaries, but it has no effect upon me; and I will let you have my reply, as you may have occasion for it when the same sophistical arguments are brought forward by your friends.

Folly is more natural to men than wickedness; and when we scrutinize into their temper, their good qualities burst into notice as well as the bad, and they gain as much as they lose in our estimation. It has been often remarked, that the best artists are always most indulgent in judging the productions of those who follow the same profession; it is the same with physiognomists, the more they are acquainted with men, the more they are inclined to forgive their errors.—True and moral philosophy, upon whose base their science rests, will teach them, that graces may compensate for defects, virtues for vices; and that, far from avoiding all communication with their fellow-creatures, they ought to derive as much advantage from their good qualities as it will be in their power to do, and provide against the bad, taking such measures as will screen them from their resentment, or the violence of their passions. To study mankind deeply, it is said, is wishing to become a misanthrope; but does in reality any dangerous evil lurk in a moderate share of misanthropy, would it not, on the contrary, prove useful to many persons. As to the sentiments of contempt for men, which this science is reported to inspire, it is the same with physiognomy, which unfolds their secret nature, as with history, which relates their actions. The annals of the world present us with good and bad, but no one has yet declared that we should not peruse them, since they teem with instruction. Are those of physiognomy more pernicious, because they spread before us a true image of the human mind, free and unshackled by the events and circumstances in which we are often placed.

As to the second objection, as it proceeds from the first, the same answer will suffice; but upon the whole, I believe that individuals gain more than they lose, by being thoroughly known. It seldom, if ever, happens that they are entirely deprived of virtues or talents; yet such is the bent of our nature, that we bestow, in general, a larger share of attention upon their defects than their excellencies; and reflection, and deep researches alone, can enable us to dive into the truth of things. How many people are censured by the world, without having committed any particular offence? I feel, by experience, that when we obey the single impulse of our understanding, we are more inclined to esteem our fellow-creatures, and have found in some, virtues which had never been revealed by the officious persons who had proclaimed their defects aloud. A wise physiognomist ought to remain silent, when he perceives no symptoms of good; and I have always found, in those who profess this science, a greater wish to praise what deserves their approbation, than to blame what required censure.—What advantage should we reap from declaring ourselves the severe judges of other men's actions? But I will ask, also, the gentleman who thinks that the study of physiognomy ought to be given up, because it may create misanthropy, whether he has ever forsaken his friends, because they were not perfect; and whether he has not rather felt sorrow at the sight of their excesses, without withdrawing his love from them?

The third objection is so purely sophistical that I am almost ashamed to answer it. Physiognomists acknowledge that divination lies beyond their reach, they therefore cannot pretend to foresee or prevent events and circumstances. It is sufficient for them to be well acquainted with those whom the connexions of society have placed around them, in order to watch their passions, and guard against their effects. Truth heightens the taste of the enjoyments this science produces; for it may be compared to geometry, in which the pleasure of coming to sure results does not always permit us to employ them in any ways that might prove useful. I expect the picture I have asked you with impatience, and you shall not hear from me till I have received it.

LETTER IV.

You have played me a sad trick, by sending me two portraits instead of one, and refusing to tell me which of the two was your philosopher's. You have turned against me the weapons with which I had supplied you to contend with him; but it causes me no trouble, and I am glad you have afforded me such a favourable opportunity of convincing you. Let us examine the first; his complexion is sallow, his eyes are small, hollow, weak, and almost entirely shut when he laughs; his way of laughing is satirical and unpleasant, for he opens his mouth too wide, and when it is closed it gives a surly cast to his countenance; his nose has no elevation in the middle, a settled gloom overspreads his features, and

his forehead has nothing extraordinary. I had no occasion to know that his shape is bad, his stomach pointed, that he is knock-kneed, and his legs are thin and withered. You have written more than was necessary to make me almost repent having undertaken to describe his temper; and did I not trust in your discretion, I would keep the result of my observations concealed; but as I must not break my promise, I am sorry to inform you that envy rules the breast of your friend. Every good action he beholds or hears of awakens the pangs of jealousy in his heart; and, because he is incapable of performing any himself, he wishes that nobody should dare to be generous and beneficent; and as it is out of his power to hinder others from acting rightly, he attempts incessantly to diminish their share of merit; and is only satisfied, when his sarcastic arguments have persuaded his hearers, that it would be better to imitate his inaction than follow the example of more active and virtuous beings. I believe him to be interested, and a flatterer, fond of praising virtues which never dwelt in his soul. His mind does not soar above mediocrity; he extols the dead as much as he degrades the living; interested motives must soften his manners, though mildness be entirely foreign to his nature; he is rather a coward, and would not like me, were we ever to become acquainted together. Of all this, I beg you will believe only what experience shall have showed you was true; for I may have committed a mistake, and not comprehending well some parts of the description you sent me, have formed a wrong idea upon which I ground my reasonings. But, on the other side, if he has dedicated his time to the cultivation of the sciences, he may have made some progress in them, and knows how to give proofs of it now and then. Yet he has studied them less than the art of turning them to his advantage; his way of laughing tells me that his understanding is neither clear nor just. It appears to me that the seat of his physiognomy is placed on the upper lip, the length of which, united with the under one, makes his mouth assume the appearance of that of a fish. I should be very sorry were this man your philosopher; and fear much, lest he should have added your name to the list of those he has deceived. Beware not to consult his opinion in what relates to others; he would instil false ideas into your soul, for it is his advantage to find them wicked, and he is incapable to think them good.

The next portrait is more promising, and I wish the person it represents may rank higher in your estimation and friendship than his predecessor. His smiling and open countenance indicates a cheerful temper; his mouth, according to your description, declares him to be frank and sincere, and I would rely upon that last quality. The clearness of his eyes is a sure sign that his mind teems with just notions on the sciences it has explored, though some of its discriminating powers may have been sunk in the corpulence of his person; while he has gained, in calmness and equanimity of temper, what he has lost in fire and vivacity. The shape of his lips may be praised by certain people; and the only remark I will make upon it is, that I believe they express mildness and faithfulness in friendship.— From your account, I think he ought not to have followed a learned profession; but he is not the first who has mistaken his element, and he may acquit himself of whatever he undertakes with the approbation of those who have to deal with him: this is, perhaps, one of the greatest praises that can be bestowed. If I do not extend my observations further, it is because you did not put it into my power, for your eyes are as yet too little exercised to grasp at once the small shades of difference which express some good or bad quality. You will find it strange that vices and virtues, habits and inclinations, tastes and talents, that seem to flow from a superior source, the mind, from which we cannot separate them, should become sensible to our sight, in material features, such as the hues and the shape of the clay with which our mortal frame is built. You will ask me, perhaps, what colour ambition assumes, and whether anger wear any resemblance to a square or a circle. I shall not check your harmless jokes, for to amuse you I have already done much; and if I do not succeed in rendering the truth of my system plain to your eyes, I shall, at least, make you own that it is likely to be true.

Every voice continues to thunder aloud against the inutility of my science; and this question is incessantly put to me, "what benefit have you derived from it?" This is a weak and ungenerous attempt at insulting me on account of my present situation; and I answer, that when it is made use of only as an amusement, it will not be a source of riches. I have found many opportunities when, had I followed a different line of conduct, it would have crowned my exertions with wealth. But the fairest way is to class physiognomy with virtues and talents, and we shall not wonder if it do not raise men to affluence; for whatever has received their stamp, must rest contented with mediocrity during life. The only advantage I have derived from this study, and I place it far above the acquirements of fortune, is that of having chosen sincere friends, who can depend upon me, as I do upon them. You know that M*** and M**** have vainly attempted, by every means

in their power, to obtain my friendship, physiognomy alone saved me from the poison of their intimacy. We should beware of forming too close an acquaintance, as we are no more at liberty to break it when we find it dangerous; and we cannot help being deceived, when the habit of living with a person has blinded us to his defects. You may therefore ascertain the opinion I entertain of you, by the pledges of attachment I have given you, and I shall not hesitate to say, that few people can love you as much as I, because few can penetrate so deeply into the secrets of your heart. Physiognomy in many cases comes to the support of humanity, and vindicates its rights; the greatest part of men, dwell upon the evil they descry in others without considering whether it be overbalanced by any good, whilst a physiognomist pierces through the bark that envelopes the mind, and discerns what other eyes cannot perceive. How many men would be beloved were they well known, and how much shorter and easier it is, instead of following them through the intricate maze of action, to explore the mysterious meaning which nature has imprinted on their features. But it is now time to explain the principles of this science, which form its true and solid basis, and you will find that we shall not have the Gordian knot to unfold. In my next letter, I will begin giving you this necessary information.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LADY AMONG MURDERERS.

A TRUE STORY.

In the preceding numbers of our miscellany we have already given some remarkable instances of presence of mind; but all of them are far surpassed by that of a female, the subject of the present history, whose soul was proof against every impression of terror when inevitable death seemed impending over her head.

In a charming villa, situated in a truly romantic country, but at a considerable distance from the high road, Baron R. was accustomed to spend the summer. His mansion, built on an eminence, was perfectly adapted to his fortune. It was a spacious building, elegant both within and without, and displayed a good style of architecture. It was about two hundred paces from the village.

Business obliged the Baron to take a journey of a few days. His wife, a young and beautiful woman, scarcely twenty years of age, remained at home. He took with him two of his best servants, and two others were left with the Baroness. No violation of the public security had ever been heard of in that part of the country; and as the Baroness did not belong to the timid portion of her sex, the ideas of danger were far from entering her mind.

The second evening after the Baron's departure, she was just stepping into bed, when she heard an alarming noise in an apartment near her chamber. She called, but received no answer. The noise, screaming, and confusion grew louder every minute. She was at a loss to conceive what could be the matter, and hastily putting on a light garment, went to the door to discover the cause. What a horrid spectacle presented itself! Two of her servants half naked, were extended lifeless on the floor; the room was full of strange and ferocious looking men; the Baroness's chambermaid was kneeling before one of them, and instead of the mercy she implored, received the fatal stroke. No sooner did the door open than two of the barbarians with drawn swords rushed towards it. What man, not to say what woman, would not have been struck with the utmost terror, and have given up life and every thing for lost? A loud shriek of despair, a flight of a few paces, a fruitless intreaty for mercy, would probably have been the last resource of many thousands. The Baroness, however, conducted herself in a different manner.

"And are you come at last?"—exclaimed she with a tone of heart-felt joy, and advancing towards her two assailants with a haste which highly astonished them both, and fortunately stopped their uplifted weapons. "Are you come at last?" repeated she, "Such visitors as you I have long wished to see."

"Wished!" muttered one of the assassins. "What do you mean by that? But stay, I will ——"

He had already raised his cutlass, but his comrade averted the stroke. "Stop a moment, brother," said he; "let us first hear what she would have."

"Nothing but what is also your pleasure, brave comrades. You have made charming work here I see. You are men after my own heart, and neither you nor I shall have reason to repent it, if you will but listen for two minutes to what I have to say."

"Speak! speak!" cried the whole company.

"But be brief," added one of the fiercest of

them, "for we shall not make much ceremony with you neither."

"Nevertheless I hope you may, if you but grant me a hearing. Know then, that I am, to be sure, the wife of the richest gentleman in this country; but the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more unhappy than I am. My husband is one of the most jealous and niggardly wretches on the face of the earth. I hate him as I hate the devil, and it has long been the most fervent wish of my heart to get out of his clutches and at the same time to pay him off all old scores. I should have left him many a time, had I been able to contrive how to escape. All my servants were his spies; that fellow, whose business you have done so completely, was the worst of them all. I am scarcely twenty-two, and as I flatter myself at least not ugly, if any of you chose to take me along with him, I should have no objection; I would accompany him, no matter whether to the woods or to the village alehouse. Nor shall any of you have reason to repent sparing my life. You are in a well-stored mansion, but it is impossible you should be acquainted with all its secret corners. These I will shew you, and if I do not make you richer by six thousand dollars, then serve me as you have done my chamber-maid."

Robbers of this kind are certainly villains, but nevertheless they are still men. The wholly unexpected tendency of the Baroness's address, the unaffected tone with which she spoke, the more than ordinary beauty of a young half-naked female, altogether produced a powerful effect on men whose hands were yet reeking with the blood they had shed. They all stepped aside and consulted together in a low tone for some minutes. The Baroness was left quite alone, but she betrayed not the least wish to escape. She heard two or three thus express themselves: "Let's dispatch her, and the game will be up." She, however, scarcely changed colour, for the opposition of the others did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of these banditti, now advanced towards her.

He asked twice or thrice whether they might absolutely rely on the truth of what she had said; whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband and go with them; and whether she was ready to resign her person to one of them, to himself for instance, during the few peaceful nights they could enjoy? Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions, having not only suffered the warm embrace of the robber, but even returned it—for, what will not necessity excuse? He at length said: "Come along then and lead us round. The devil trust you ladies of rank, but we'll however venture for once. But let me tell you beforehand, that, were you ten times as handsome, this weapon shall cleave your skull, the moment we observe the least disposition to escape or to betray us."

"Then it will be safe enough; and were this the only condition of my death, I should outlive you all, and even the wandering Jew himself." The Baroness smiled as she pronounced these words, hastily snatched up the nearest light, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect the plunder and be gone; conducted the whole company through every apartment; opened unasked, every door, every drawer and every chest; assisted emptying them and packing up the valuables; joked with the utmost vivacity; jumped with indifference over the mangled bodies; spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each of the horrid troop, and willingly aided with her delicate hands, in the most laborious occupations.

Plate, money, jewels, clothes and other valuables were now collected together, and the captain of the banditti was already giving the order for their march, when his destined bride suddenly caught him by the arm. "Did I not tell you," said she, "that you should not repent making a friend of me and sparing my life. You may indeed have your fling in places that you find open; but 'tis a pity that you cannot so easily come at treasures that are somewhat more concealed."

"Concealed!—What?—Where is something more concealed?"

"What, do you suppose, that among coffers so full of the most valuable effects, there are no secret places? Look here, and then you will be convinced of the contrary."

She pointed to a secret spring in the Baron's writing-desk. They pressed upon it, and out fell six rouleaus, each containing two hundred dollars.

"Zounds!" cried the leader of the robbers, "Now indeed I see that you are an incomparable woman. I will keep you for this like a little Duchess."

"And perhaps better still," rejoined she, laughing, "when I tell you one thing more. I am well aware that you must have had spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant: but did they not tell you of the four thousand guilders which he received the day before yesterday?"

"Not a syllable; where are they?"

"O, safe enough! under a half a dozen of locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest, in which they are deposited, had it not been for me.—Come along, comrades; we have finished above ground, and now we'll see what is to be done under it. Come along with me, I say, into the cellar!"

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, pre-

vided with a strong iron trap-door, a man was posted as a centinel. The Baroness did not take the least notice of this. She conducted the whole troop to a vault at the very farthest extremity of the cellar. She unlocked it, and in a corner of this recess stood the chest she had described. "Here," said she, giving the captain the bunch of keys, "here, unlock it, and take what you find, as a wedding gift, if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine."

The robber tried one key after another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the Baroness appeared still more so.

"Lend me them," said she, "I hope I shall find the way sooner. Indeed, if we do'nt make haste, morning might overtake.—Ha! only think, the reason neither of us could unlock it is clear enough. As welcome as your visit is to me, yet I have no scruple to confess that the unexpected arrival of so great a pleasure has flurried me a little. I have brought the wrong bunch of keys. A moment's patience, and I'll soon set that to rights."

She ran up stairs, and presently they heard her coming down again; but she went more slowly, as if out of breath with the haste she had made. "I've found them! I've found them!" cried she at a distance. She was now within about three steps of the centinel placed at the entrance of the cellar; when she made a spring at the wretch, who as little expected the dissolution of the world as such an attack. A single push with all her strength tumbled him down the stairs from top to bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap door, bolted it, and thus had the whole company secure in the cellar.

All this was the work of a single moment. In the next she flew across the court-yard, and with the candle, set fire to a detached pig stye. It blazed like a heap of straw. The watchman in the neighbouring village perceiving the flame, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes all the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The Baroness waited for them at the gate of the court-yard. "A few of you," said she, "will be sufficient to put out this fire, or to prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armoury; post yourselves at all the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of the murderers and robbers shut up in it to escape."

Her directions were obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due to their crimes.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

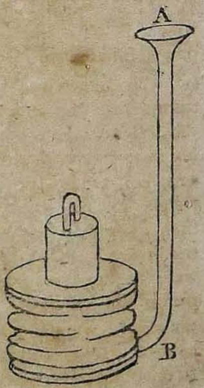
HYDROSTATICS.

[*Continued from Page* 265.]

OF THE WEIGHT AND PRESSURE OF FLUIDS.

The tendency of fluids to exert a pressure equal to their perpendicular height, gives rise to what is called the hydrostatical paradox, namely, that any quantity, however small, of the same fluid may be made to balance any quantity however great. Thus, if a tube of very small bore be inserted into the side of another tube which is a foot, a yard, or twenty yards in diameter, water, when poured into the larger tube, will rise in the smaller one till it is level in both. It is therefore apparent, that the small quantity of water in the lesser tube balances the superior quantity contained in the larger one; were it otherwise the inferior quantity of fluid would be forced upwards out of the mouth of the tube that contains it.

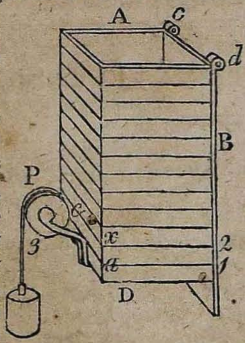
The annexed figure is a representation of what is called the Hydrostatic Bellows; it resembles a pair of common bellows, with this difference, that it has no valves. The brass pipe, A B, communicates with the inside of the bellows, the boards of which are not very smooth, so that water can readily insinuate itself between them. Before making the experiment, a large weight is placed on the bellows, by which its interior sides are brought nearly in contact. Now if water be poured into the tube it will gradually raise the



weight to the extent of the leather that connects the two surfaces of the bellows; for the column of water in the tube would press as much against the inner surface of the bellows as if it were a cylinder of water of the same height as the column of water in the tube, and of equal circumference with the bellows.

Thus it is evident, that the pressure of fluids encreases as does this perpendicular height, and that by diminishing the bore of a pipe, and encreasing its length, a very small quantity of any fluid may be made to raise the largest weights. The knowledge of this principle has been applied by a very ingenious mechanic to the construction of a powerful machine for the compression of hay, clothes, &c. Those persons who cannot procure an hydrostatic bellows, may make the preceding experiment by inserting a tin pipe into the mouth of a bladder, and then putting the bladder into a box with a moveable lid, and laying weights, upon this last.

The pressure of fluids against the side of any vessel, encreases as the square of the depth encreases: that is, if the pressure at the depth of one inch or foot, be equal to an ounce or a pound, at the depth of two inches or feet, it will be equal to four ounces or pounds, at the depth of three inches or feet, to nine ounces or pounds, and so on, according to the laws by which falling bodies are governed. Suppose A D to be a cubical vessel, of which the front and side A are of glass, made water tight, a thin board B hangs by two hinges *c d*, and is held close to the glass sides by means of the pully P, and a weight, which, if water be poured into the vessel, will balance its pressure against the board B till the fluid rises to the line 1. We will suppose this weight to be a pound, and that the remaining lines divide the vessel into so many parts, exactly equal to the part 1 *a* 2; now if the pound weight be exchanged for one of four pounds, then water may be poured into the vessel till it rise to 2 *x c*, when the moveable side B will give way, and let such a portion of the water out as makes the difference between the pressure and the weight, when the latter will again draw the side close to the glass panes; when the water has risen to the line 3, a weight of nine pounds, suspended from the pully, will be required to keep the side B close to the glass sides. Hence it is apparent that the increase of pressure is as the increase of the square of the depth, and therefore if the vessel was filled with water up to the top, there would be a pressure against the whole side equal to 144 pounds, 144 being the square of 12.



The knowledge of this principle is of the utmost importance in the construction of canals, since, if the sides were not made to increase in strength and solidity in proportion to the increase of pressure, they would be borne down by it.

The pressure of any fluid upon the bottom of a vessel, is always proportional to the area of the base multiplied into the perpendicular height at which the fluid stands, without any regard to the form of the vessel, or the quantity of fluid it contains. In a vessel of which the sides are perpendicular to the bottom, and the bottom parallel to the horizon, as in the last figure, the pressure and the weight will be equal; and the pressure upon any one side of such vessel will be equal to half the pressure upon the bottom. Therefore the pressure upon the four sides and the bottom will be equal to three times the weight of the fluid.

The weight of a cylindrical vessel of any fluid, may be found, by multiplying the area of the base by the perpendicular height of the cylinder, and dividing the produce by 1728. The quotient will be the contents of the cylinder, in cubic feet and inches, and each foot will be equivalent to a 1000 ounces of water.

The weight of a conical vessel of any fluid, is found by multiplying the area of the base by one third of the perpendicular, and thus pursuing the same process to bring it into ounces.

HYDRAULICS.

The velocity with which water spouts out at an orifice in the side or bottom of a vessel, is as the square root of the depth of the fluid at the orifice. Thus, if through an orifice at the depth of one inch, water flows with one degree of velocity in a second of time, at the depth of four inches it will flow with two degrees of velocity in a second, and at the depth of nine inches with three degrees of velocity, in the same time; that is, provided the vessel is kept constantly full of water, and that the bore of each orifice be the same.

The depth of the orifices being the same, and their bore equal, the velocity of the fluid flowing through them will be the same, whatever the species of fluid may be, or whatever its density. For though the pressure of the denser fluid is greatest, yet the mass it had to move is more considerable, and when the powers are proportioned to the masses which they put in motion, the velocities are always equal.

The velocity with which water flows through orifices of equal bore, in a vessel allowed to empty itself, is continually decreasing according to the odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, &c. taken backwards; that is, if through a hole at the bottom of a vessel, water flows with such velocity that its

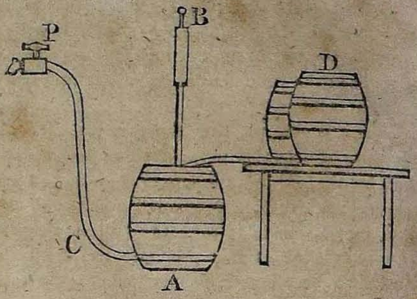
surface descends seven inches in the first minute, it will but descend through five inches the second minute, through three the third minute, and through one the next.

The greatest distance to which water spouts from different holes in a vessel kept constantly full, is from that pipe which is exactly in the centre of the top and bottom of the fluid.

When the velocities of spouting fluids are the same, the elevation of that which ascends the whole way through a pipe, will be greater than the elevation of that which ascends through the air; because the latter meets with a degree of resistance from the atmosphere, which checks its ascent.

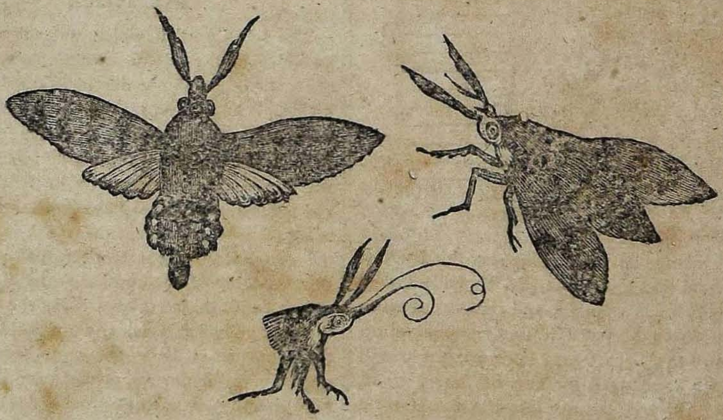
The different play of fountains, or *jets d'eau*, is occasioned by the different heights of their reservoirs. The velocity of a spouting fluid being as the square root of the fluid's depth, the water of that fountain will necessarily rise the highest, whose reservoirs is the fullest and the highest. It is on this principle that houses are supplied with water; but as friction opposes the rise of fluids through pipes, as well as through air, the surface of the reservoir is always considerably more elevated than the point to which the fluid is intended to rise.

The subjoined machine, which has now found its way into every tavern, will illustrate how fluids are made to rise above their level. It is used for the purpose of raising liquors from the cellar to the bar.



The vessel A, after being made air tight, is sunk about half its depth into the floor of the cellar. This vessel, which is called the receiver, is then filled to a certain height from the butt D, when all communication between the vessels is stopped. B represents a forcing piston and pipe, which extends to or near the bar, and by means of which a quantity of air is condensed in the upper part of the receiver. This air, by its compression on the surface of the liquor, constrains it to ascend through the pipe P C, to the extremity of which a cock is attached, by which the liquor in the receiver is drawn off. When the fluid ceases to run or runs slowly, a few strokes of the piston will restore its velocity.

THE HUMMING-BIRD SPHINX, OR HAWK-MOTH.



DURING the summer months, especially in July and August, may be seen flying with the utmost velocity in fair days, from morning till dusk, among flowers, particularly geraniums, an insect which is the most singular and elegant of all those which are bred in England.

It is the moth called by Linnæus *sphinx stellatarum*, from the plant on which it feeds whilst in the caterpillar state, *aparine lævis stellata*, goose-grass, or clivers; it also lives on *gallium*, bedstraw; but in those countries which produce the *rubia tinctorum*, madder, the caterpillar in-

habits and feeds on that plant in preference to any other.

Ray styles this insect *papilio velocissima*; Harris the *colibri*, or humming-bird moth, by which name it is described likewise in Donovan's British Insects.

This slight account is only intended to inform the curious what insect it is that they may see flying in the gardens a few miles round London, with a swiftness equal to that of humming birds, which they likewise resemble in hovering over a flower and thrusting their long double trunk, or sucker (which they usually keep rolled up spirally), into its *nectarium* without settling, whilst the motion of their wings is so rapid that their shape cannot be distinguished.

In the hottest weather great numbers are seen, and may easily be caught whilst they remain for a few seconds stationary in the air, with a small forcep gauze net, and can be preserved alive some hours in a large glass vessel such as gold-fish are kept in, where their flight may be inspected.

The caterpillar is without hair, shagreened, sixteen legged, and carries on its tail a blue horn, tipt with red.

The body of the moth is thick, brown, and hairy like a bee, the first wings dark-brown, the second orange-brown, with black streaks; the breast white; and large shining eyes.

Their description and history may be found at large in the Dutch work of Sepp, which contains a coloured print, with the egg, the same magnified, six of the caterpillars of different ages and sizes, the *chrysalis*, and two of the moths, or *sphinxes*.

These insects abound in all the southern parts of Europe.

ON MUSIC.

An Essay on Earl Stanhope's "Principles of the Science of Tuning Instruments with fixed Tones." By A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German Chapel at St. James's.

Though persons of rank and fashion (amongst whom La Belle Assemblee is particularly circulated), cannot be expected to apply themselves to the tuning of their piano-fortes and organs, they may be desirous to know whether their instruments are in tune, and according to what principles they can be tuned; and in this they are encouraged by the publication of Earl Stanhope, on which I presume to write the present Essay.

But before I proceed, I think it proper to observe, that the reason why I take up this subject is my having, prior to Lord Stanhope, treated of musical temperament in two of my theoretical works, viz. in my Essay on Musical Harmony, p. 2, and in my New Theory of Musical Harmony, p. 8, on account of which several distinguished possessors of those works have requested of me an explanation concerning the difference between his Lordship's system and the doctrines advanced by myself; and that as my time would not permit me to answer each of them as fully as they could wish, I have endeavoured to satisfy them, and the public in general, by the following remarks, which I hope will be intelligible to musical amateurs, as well as to professional musicians.

By instruments with fixed tones, Lord Stanhope seems to understand keyed instruments alone, being those which contain fixed notes, or notes that can be rendered sharper or flatter by the performer. And as keyed instruments contain that complete diatonic scale, according to which all modern compositions are written and explained, the proper tuning of their notes produces what may be called a standard scale of modern music.

But that mode of tuning cannot be perfectly explained or understood, before a standard idea is fixed concerning the nature and requisites of our modern scale; and this I flatter myself to have done in my New Theory, chap. ii. where I shew that the twelve notes of our chromatic octave, with their octaves, are to be considered as a compound of twelve modern diatonic and chromatic scales, each of which must be calculated for the same use in harmony and melody as all the others.

Our modern scale therefore cannot contain that strict perfection of every interval which it might have as a simple scale of one key note; and its compound state requires that some of its intervals lose a little of their individual perfection, for the purpose of producing a greater perfection and agreement in the whole. This distribution, by which some intervals are rendered a little sharper, and others a little flatter, than strictly perfect, is called the temperament of our scale; and its different sorts can be brought under the two general heads of an equal, or some unequal temperament.

By an equal temperament, is understood that distribution which renders the distances between the twelve notes of our scale so much alike that

the ear cannot find any difference between them. And an equal one is that by which the same intervals are rendered more perfect in some keys than in others. But before I enter into a comparison between these two sorts of temperament, or into the examination of the temperament proposed by Lord Stanhope, I must shew what temperament our scale requires in the whole, and how much of it can properly be laid on every particular interval.

The temperament which our scale requires in the whole, is so little (as will be shewn,) that it is astonishing how there could hitherto be made so much of it. And concerning the portion of it which may be laid on every particular interval, all the writers on temperament agree, that it may be more and more, according to the greater deviation of the ratio of an interval from unity.

According to this principle the octave, as a repetition of unity itself, in the acute, admits of no perceptible temperament at all, because its two terms are the same note, though in a different acuteness. The perfect fifth therefore, or ratio 3-2, as nearest to unity, requires our first attention, because it admits of some, but of the least temperament among all the other intervals; and fortunately a progression from one perfect fifth to another disposes of all the twelve notes in a modern octave, in such a manner, that the twelfth fifth brings us again to the same note in the acute from which we set out below.

But if every one of those fifths is taken strictly perfect, the last of them is, as we call it, a major comma sharper than the true note in which it should terminate. This comma is the only deduction to be made from the strict perfection of the twelve fifths in our compound scale; and it is so very small a ratio, that at least one third of it may be deducted from a fifth, without making it lose the effect of a perfect fifth and consonance. When therefore that comma is, as equally as possible, divided among all the twelve fifths, it produces no sensible imperfection at all, and leaves every fifth as good as perfect.

Now it must be observed, that, according to what has been said already, all the major and minor thirds, as ratios 5-4, and 6-5, admit of a greater temperament than the perfect fifth, and the minor and major sevenths, as ratios 16-9, and 15-8, of a still greater one than the thirds; and that all the fourths, sixths, and seconds, as mere inversions of those intervals, are included in the temperament of them. It may therefore be supposed, and experience proves, that if only the described major comma is properly distributed among the twelve fifths of our scale, the whole temperament of it is completed; and all the other intervals are rendered as satisfactory in their kind as every perfect fifth is in its kind. This renders the art of tempering a keyed instrument so very simple, that any person endowed with a good ear, may easily learn, and perfectly execute it, without the least concern about the numerous intricate things pointed out as very essential in the Stanhope temperament.

The only question therefore still remains, whether it is better to temper organs and other keyed instruments equally, or according to some unequal distribution? Concerning this I have observed in both treatises quoted before, that to play with accompaniments, or in concert with voices or instruments, the equal temperament is best; but, that for playing without any accompaniments, a good unequal one would be better. Yet if one of those temperaments was to be adopted universally and exclusively of the other, the equal one undoubtedly must have the preference, as I could shew by numerous important arguments, which the limits of this essay will not permit me to enter into.

But Lord Stanhope most decidedly condemns that temperament, and in the little work before us proposes a new unequal one, to which I shall now give some consideration.

The work begins thus:—" Several of the first mathematicians, as well as many of the most distinguished musicians, have spent much time in endeavouring to discover the best manner of tuning instruments with fixed tones; but their efforts have not, as yet, been attended with the desired effect." This I humbly conceive to be a mistake; for the art of temperament has long been taught so perfectly, that nothing material remained to be added. And the wolf, or that imperfection which arises from the compound state of our scale, as described, has been more clearly demonstrated by Marpurg, Kirnberger, Klein, Koch, Chladni, and several other respectable authors, than it is in the work before us, as will appear hereafter.

Lord Stanhope then proceeds:—" When I began this inquiry, I had the curiosity to converse with sixteen or eighteen of the most eminent musicians in England upon this subject. Half of them did then approve of what is called the equal temperament; the other half, on the contrary, reprobated that mode of tuning, as never satisfying the ear perfectly in any one key whatever."

" A science is evidently in a very imperfect state, when the first proficients in that science not only differ, but even hold decided opinions diametrically opposite to each other." &c.

Concerning these two passages I beg leave to make three remarks, viz.—first, Lord Stanhope quotes sixteen or eighteen persons, as the most eminent musicians in England, and yet thinks their science in a very imperfect state, merely

because one half of them were not partial to an unequal temperament; secondly, his Lordship does not allow that when the votes of such competent judges, as the quoted persons undoubtedly must be, are equally divided, there is a probability of equally strong arguments on both sides; and thirdly, the science of tuning, or rather of tempering the modern scale, is confounded with that of music in general, though the one is as different from the other, as the art of writing or inventing a book, is from that of printing it. The necessity of these remarks will be evident, when it appears that a great part of the work before us depends on the mistakes pointed out in them.

In the third and fourth page, the use of an instrument for the mensuration of sounds, called the *monochord*, is shewn, with the ratios of a perfect octave, fifth, fourth, and third, which arise from the division of a string into two, three, four, and five aliquot parts; and in these particulars Lord Stanhope is very correct. But in a note to the fourth page it is added:—"There are two sorts of major thirds, namely, perfect thirds and imperfect thirds. And the imperfect thirds are also of two species, viz. sharp thirds and flat thirds. The minor thirds are likewise of two species, namely, perfect minor thirds and imperfect minor thirds; and the imperfect minor thirds are (in like manner as the imperfect major thirds) of two species also, viz. sharp minor thirds and flat minor thirds."

This, however, is to be understood only according to his Lordship's new system of temperament, which if it was to be attended to, would require similar distinctions in major and minor fifths, fourths, sixths, sevenths, and seconds, as in the major and minor thirds; and this, added to the numerous distinctions in the wolves, and the other intricacies contained in that temperament, would render the doctrine of it more complicated than the whole science of practical harmony.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

MR. GRIZZLE, AND MISS WRINKLE.

AN ENTIRE NEW SONG.

When violets blossom in the grove,
And linnets whistle notes of love,
When jocund swains with milk-maids rove,
To tell the artless tale,
Miss Molly Wrinkle, faultering cries,
"I feel emotions constant rise,
"O spare a blushing virgin's sighs
"For Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

Now Grizzle's face would give the lie
To every feeling Love might try,
His tender heart was *all my eye*,
'Twould blunt a rusty nail.
Says he, "Pray Molly don't be rash,
"Your smiles I cannot turn to cash;
"Hearts, darts, and Cupids, are all trash
"To Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

A wither'd lily Molly lay,
The rose-bud, Time had cut away,
And ebon locks had turn'd to grey,
Alas! what could prevail?
Stiff as a ram-rod Molly grew,
And every art she tried anew,
To win that little—worse than Jew,
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

A monument of skin and grief,
Miss Molly moan'd without relief,
While Mr. Grizzle eat his beef,
And sipp'd his can of ale.

Ye gods! what havoc Love can make,
For Death thought fit at last to take
Miss Molly from that barbarous rake,
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

The village gossips soon arose,
Grizzle at last uneasy grows;
He bit his lips, and blew his nose,
To hear the woeful tale.
A *Crowner's 'quest* her exit tried,
The verdict, no one there denied,—
Miss Molly Wrinkle, spinster, died,
For Grizzle in the Vale.

E. B.

TO ANNA.

Haste, Cupid, from thy woodbine bow'r
On tender Love's impetuous wing;
And shut its rosy mantled door,
And here thy shafts in triumph bring.

Full many a tender heart hath bled,
(Its joys in love-sick graves entomb'd)
Which thou to Hymen's smiling bed
And length of sweetest hours had doom'd.

Oft fatal Love to ruin owes
The fairest plume that Science wears:
Oft tears the laurels from its brows,
And marks beneath the manly tears.

Oft have I burn'd; in vain now burn
To place that plume on Anna's head—
She now forgets the vows oft sworn,
And soon must see Leander bleed.

Forgive, ye brave, the gen'rous fault;
If thus my fortune fails alone;
My Anna stole my early thought,
And fram'd my feelings by her own.

My tender heart so torn with woes,
Shall beat (Heav'n grant it!) soon no more,
My youth to Melancholy bows—
And wishes now a happy shore!

But stop, my Clio, wanton muse,
Indulge not this unmanly strain:—
Beat, beat the drums, my ardour rouse,
And call my spirit back again.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One passing hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Go then, thou little lovely boy,
I cannot—must not hear thee now;
No more thy tender arts employ,
Nor hurt my dearest with my woe.

If I, in all the flower of youth,
The scythe of fatal love must meet;
Go, bear my laurel—pledge of truth,
And lay it at my Anna's feet.

In after life, some fond regret
May give the tribute of a tear;
May sometimes mourn Leander's fate,
And think he sold his love too dear.

Such tears shall keep my laurels green,
And crown my image in her breast—
'Till Heaven shall close the hapless scene,
And call her angel form to rest.

LEANDER.

MARY.

O VEIL the warm and living rose
That freshens o'er the virgin cheek;
O bend thy speaking eyes on those
Who can sustain the things they speak!
The cheating hopes, the wayward fears,
That juggled with my tender years,
Resign at length their feverish sway;
And I have sworn to be no more
The thrall of love's insidious lore,
But sterner powers obey.

Yet, Mary! when again I view,
With thrilling nerves and sinking frame,
The winning form, the feeling hue,
The breathing look without a name!
O blame me not if, while I gaze,
The perished hopes of former days
Should swell the tear in vain represt;
How can they thence away be torn,
Nor leave my bleeding heart forlorn
And widow'd in my breast?

So, o'er the couch where faint and low,
The wreck of parting life is laid,
When friendship bends in speechless woe,
And weeps to feel how vain her aid;
If chance athwart the darken'd bed,
The morning sun one ray should shed,
Straight to the dying man appear—
The woods, the fields in vernal bloom,
And verging to the cheerless tomb,
He drops one human tear.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES, AT ETON.

SCENE of my boyish years!—there is a charm
Inwoven with each shade of circumstance
That marks our infant pleasures; every sight
And every sound; the tree, the field, the stream,
Like friends long sever'd seize upon the heart;
And joys almost forgotten, re-assume
A shape, and twine around the memory;
Till dreaming Fancy paints them more than joys.
Scene of my boyish years! I not disown
These natural feelings. Let me rest awhile
Here on this grassy bank: beneath these elms,
Whose high boughs murmur with the leafy sound
That sooth'd me when a child: when, truant-like,
Of the dull chime that summon'd me afar
Nought heeding, by the river-wave I lay
Of Liberty enamour'd, and the Muse.
Fairest of Rivers! I have seen the Rhine
Roll its blue waters wide, midst sunny vines,
Now flashing to the noon, now dark revolv'd
Midst forest glooms, while mould'ring abbey-tow'rs
And rocks, bow'd awful o'er the sullen flood;
Yet owns my heart thy pastoral imagery,
Fairest of Rivers!—flowing calm and clear
Midst the green islets, while the Swan divides
The silver wave, and the swift gliding sail
Recedes in distance midst thy winding shores.
As yon grey turrets rest in trembling shade
On thy transparent depth, the days long past
Press on my fond remembrance; when adverse
From sport, I wander'd on thy loneliest banks;
Where not a sound disturb'd the quiet air
But such as fitly blends with silentness:
The whisp'ring sedge,—the ripple of the stream—
Or bird's faint note; and not a human trace,
Save of some hamlet spire in woods immers'd,
Spake to the sight of Earth's inhabiters!

Then have I rush'd prone from the topmost bank,
And given my limbs to struggle with the stream,
And midst thy waters felt a keener life.
Healthful thy milky temperature of wave,
Reviving Thames! associate with delight
Thy stream to thrilling Fancy flows, when faint
I languish in the sun-blaze: and with thee
Ingenuous friendships, feats of liberty
That bore not harsh control, and gravely sweet
The toils of letter'd lore, and the kind smile
Of him, who ev'n upbraiding could be kind,
On sooth'd remembrance throng. Some heaviness
Blends with my joyful spirit, as I pause,
To bid thee, Thames! farewell: the years of youth
Return no more: and sad Reflection sighs,
To know that youthful gaiety of heart,
And youthful innocence, no more return.

E.

SUMMER TO THAIS.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Already, in the circle bright*
The sun has gain'd his utmost height;
And the infuriate lion†, lo!
Pours flush his heat on all below.
The grateful grove, my garden's pride,
Sweet courts you to its shade aside;
Where's never known at noon to fail
The freshness of the morning gale;
And where the pebbled streamlet flows,
Murm'ring, meet, to charm repose;
And shy, unseen, the tufts among,
The chaffinch frames his artless song;
And the fragrant scented rose,
Around its chastest incense throws,
Wafted from th' arb'raccin's shrub,
Whereon is seen the moss-clad bud,
Beauteous infant of the hour!
Close beside the full blown flow'r:
And there, yet young, the orange twines,
As the playful hand inclines;
Its pliant branches gaily drest,
With fruit at once, and blossom blest,
Mild glisten with a sil'ry ray,
And bright the gleam of gold display.
Here also now, fast rip'ning grow,
'Neath the sun's meridian glow,
The od'rous rasp, the currant too,
In clusters of a crimson hue;
And the strawberry, couch'd on ground,
Its amber scent dispensing round.
Come then,—the marble domes forego,
And from the pride of courts withdraw.
Who would beneath th' umbrageous trees,
In peace, enjoy the balmy breeze;
Or the grotto's cooling shade,
Where innocence, blest heav'nly maid!
In search of silence oft repairs,
And gives to sleep her fancy'd cares;—
Or the hidden winding wave,
Where timid beauty 's wont to lave
Her graceful form, secure, unseen
By the eye of man prophane;
Or when is pass'd a day serene,
Who wou'd enjoy an ev'ning scene
In the deep sequester'd grove,
Where, to the whisp'ring sighs of love,
Hush'd is ev'ry ruder cry
That might their thrillings soft annoy.
O, hither haste, the city leave,
The basket let your arm receive,
The hat of straw your temples grace,
The morning robe your frame embrace.
To please you anxious Flora will,
With lib'ral hand your pannier fill
With ev'ry flow'r the pasture shows,
And ev'ry fruit the orchard grows.
Nor to others will I leave
A chaplet for thy brow to weave;
For this the myrtle shall entwine
With the amaranth divine.
The flaming pink, and jasmine white,
Too, shall thy snowy bosom dight,
Which sportive waving, they shall kiss,
Unconscious of the balmy bliss.
Tuberoses, niggards ye,
Now exhale your odours free;
Tulips trim, and gaudy gay,
Your varied colours proud display;
Accomplish'd marj'ram, laurels true,
The meed to gen'rous victors due;
And thou, lily, monarch hight,
Of ev'ry flow'r blooming bright,
The lovely rose, thy boasted bride,
Chastely blushing by thy side;
Brilliant fruits! of pleasure torn,
Engender'd by the tears of morn;
Nurtur'd by mild Zephyr's sighs,
Foster'd by love's tender ties;
Fall and languish, as 'tis meet
At another Flora's feet;
On your wrecks shall Venus raise,
Wrecks how charming! to her praise,
A throne whereon shall rapt'rous reign
A nymph belov'd, and faithful swain.

T. L. T.

* The Zodiac.

† At the summer solstice the sun is in the sign of Leo.

THE MORNING DREAM.*

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamt what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay:
I dreamt that on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such, at least, was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe
Ne'er taught me by woman before:
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a sun on the waves;
And smiling divinely, she cried—
"I go to make *Freemen of Slaves*."

Then raising her voice to a strain,
The sweetest that ear ever heard;
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chac'd by her melody clear;
And methought while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a Demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression, his terrible name;
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge, hung with lashes, he bore,
And stood, looking out for his prey,
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbrued!
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd,
Heard shouts, that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves,
For the hatred she ever has shewn
To the black-scepter'd rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

* We trust an apology is needless for introducing this month, the following highly-beautiful lines of Cowper. They were written when the subject of the Slave Trade was first brought forward by Mr. Wilberforce. The last verse is peculiarly impressive and appropriate at the present time.

TRANSLATION FROM MOSCHUS.

O'er the smooth main when scarce a zephyr blows
To break the dark-blue Ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
But when, white foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea and sky,
Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.
Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the wood
While rolling storms upheave the dangerous flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.
Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Sooths, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear.

THE MARRIED MAN'S ADDRESS TO THE LIBERTINES.

I am married and happy, with wonder hear this!
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
Whom none but loose pleasures engage.

You may laugh—but believe me, "you're all in the wrong,"
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage alone lasting pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

Of the joys I possess, you know not one jot,
They contain what you cannot conceive;
Contented and happy, I am pleas'd with my lot,
Whilst all your false-pleasures deceive.

Do you ask—from what source my felicity flows?
My answer is short—from a wife,
Whom for virtue, good sense, and good manners I've chose;
Such as these are the blessings of life.

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Every moment each strives for to seize;
And we find ourselves happy from morning 'till night,
By mutual endeavours to please.

T. W.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JUNE.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[*Continued from Page* 271.]

ACT II. SCENE 1.—LOUISE *and* URSULE.

Ursule. Let us seek the solitude of this saloon, no one will disturb us, and we may converse together at liberty. Now let me hear; you said that Sainville pleased you at first sight.

Louise. The few words he spoke produced a deeper impression upon me than the graces of his person, and I feel no reluctance in fulfilling my father's wishes who destined him to be my husband.

Ursule. I congratulate you on the happiness you are going to enjoy with such a man; and will afford you every assistance in my power to make the conquest of his heart.

Louise. Is it necessary to make use of any stratagem to please him? If we suit each other, no impediment can arise to delay our union.

Ursule. Well spoken like a country girl! but I who, in my boarding-school and learned books, have studied the ways of the world, will instruct you how to act. Your artless sincerity, which impels you to own your true sentiments too soon, will perhaps be mistaken for forwardness. I fear also you will be led by the advice of others, your rivals for instance, Agathe and Pauline, and as I am your friend and think you have a better title to Sainville's hand than either of them, will, if you choose, exert all my talents in insuring your marriage.

Louise. But I would not conceal any thing from them; have we not engaged our word we would open the secrets of our hearts to each other? No, the only way is to become as amiable as I ought to be, and by flattering attentions to secure Sainville's affection, without employing any unfair means.

Ursule. Trust me, all will be fair, and follow my advice I will let you know what I have already done. I met Corsignac, and obtained as much information from him about your future husband's taste, temper, and intentions, as will suit our purpose.

Louise. Well?

Ursule. You must not fancy that he means to spend all his life on the estate he is about to purchase; six months in the country, and six in town, such is the way he intends to dispose of his time; for the pleasures and dissipation of Paris, [illegible], &c. are very much to his taste.

Louise. I am very sorry for it, for the quiet life I lead in the country seems so sweet and so pleasant; yet I should no object to visiting Paris.

Ursule. He wishes also that his wife should shine in the highest circles; and by the elegance of her dress, and her beauty, should become an object of general admiration.

Louise. Alas! I am so timid, so fond of avoiding being noticed; yet I could yield to his desire of mixing in the world, provided he should make ample amends for it when we retire from its noisy scenes.

Ursule. He is a very honest man, but never refuses to join in a convivial meeting, or take a hand at cards, and is very gallant to the ladies. This is all his friend could tell me.

Louise. Heavens! I should not like such a man for my husband.

Ursule. Be not terrified at this description; such dispositions are very amiable; and when once we find the means of fixing their inconstancy——.

Louise. But how?

Ursule. How! by making them purchase dearly the avowal of our sentiments in their favour. Yes, my dear Louise, if you seem to fly from him, he will be the more ardent in your pursuit.

Louise. But this is acting exactly like a coquette.

Ursule. Coquetry may sometimes prove useful; when it is innocently indulged, it only increases the charms of a woman.

Louise. I shall be so awkward.

Ursule. A young lady be awkward on such an occasion, when coquetry is in the question! 'tis impossible. A look of indifference and disdain, affecting at the same time to be particularly polite to his friend Corsignac——.

Louise. O, no, I cannot act thus.—I will not, I'd rather give up all thoughts of marrying Sainville; for could such a line of conduct lead me to happiness? yet I feel that my heart is engaged, and that I would forgive his faults with pleasure.

Ursule. Well, only follow my directions, and let me speak of you to him.

Louise. I agree to it; do not forsake me.

Ursule. Hush! here he comes.

Louise. He comes; after the information you have given me, I do not know how to behave in his presence.

Enter SAINVILLE.

Sainville (*to Louise*). Since I have found you alone with your amiable neighbour, I will not suffer such a favourable opportunity to escape. You may recollect that during breakfast your father pronounced a few words which have filled my soul with hope, and given birth to many projects.

Louise. What projects, Sir.

Sainville. I have teased him so much about finding me an estate, that he has at last resolved to conduct me this very day to see one which lies contiguous to his own.

Ursule. It is pleasant to live near one's friends.

Sainville. But I meant to speak of a certain marriage which Mr. Jaquemin mentioned during our conversation.

Louise. Well, Sir?

Sainville. Well ma'am; your father, who looks upon me with the partiality of a friend, hinted that I might make a choice among his young ladies. I have not the presumption to think that I deserve the approbation of your handsome companions nor yours, yet while every thing around you proclaims your talents, I cannot resist——.

Louise. Sir!—(*Aside to Ursule.*) It is delightful to listen to him.

Ursule (*aside to Louise*). Listen, but beware.

Sainville. Could an honest heart, a pure soul, and sincere affection cause my defects to be overlooked, and increase the little merit I possess——.

Ursule (*aside to Louise*). Answer him as you ought.

Louise. Do you mean to make a declaration?

Sainville. A declaration! No; I have been so little in your company as yet that I should not dare; and my greatest hope is that you will be indulgent.

Louise. Indulgent, Sir! men are so vain, I am told, that I ought to be severe. (*Aside to Ursule.*) No, Ursule, I cannot follow your advice, I cannot become a coquette.

Ursule. The best way then is to leave us.

Sainville (*to Louise*). You seem agitated?

Louise. Not in the least, Sir, I am perfectly composed, but do not feel well, and must beg to be excused. (*Aside.*) What a pity! [*Exit.*

Sainville (*aside*). She scarcely answers me, and withdraws when I speak of love. Corsignac, who assured me that all these girls, even the neighbour, had some intentions upon me, must have committed a very great mistake. (*Aloud.*) This reception is not very encouraging.

Ursule. Her heart is excellent, her soul is the abode of virtue, and if she be a little capricious——

Sainville. Capricious?

Ursule. She has so many good qualities that so slight a defect is scarcely perceived.—You [told] me at breakfast you intended to pay a visit to [my] mother, I will go and prepare her to receive you; she will be delighted at becoming acquainted with the son of an old friend. As to Louise, [I] will scold her, and make her feel she was in the wrong, to tax with vanity what seemed to me the expression of modest and respectful esteem. (*Aside.*) I'll hasten to let my mother know what a good match now presents itself. [*Exit.*

Sainville. This young neighbour appears to be endowed with a kind heart, and I might hesitate between the two.—O, no; I have almost pledged my honour to Mr. Jaquemin, and the impression her charms produced upon me would have led me to declare my love, had she not left me so precipitately. I should not like her, however, to indulge her whims too often; yet what woman is not capricious?

Enter PAULINE *dressed in white, with a straw hat and a book in her hand.*

Pauline (*looking at her book*). He is almost excellent.

Sainville. What misfortune has happened, ma'am; if I mistake not, you are weeping?

Pauline. I beg your pardon, Sir, I did not see you, (*pointing to her book*). Yes this is such [an] interesting situation, a young man and a young lady who behold each other for the first time, and feel such a violent perturbation in their hearts! I am used to melt into tears at every novel I read.

Sainville. I interrupt your lecture, and I will immediately retire.

Pauline. One moment more, if you please, you have undoubtedly read the "Dangers of Sensibility".

Sainville. I read very few novels, especially since so many have been written.

Pauline. Heav'ns! Sir, you do not peruse these delightful works! In the name of God, whence have you derived that love for the retirement of the country, and those pure and exquisite feelings I took so much pleasure in hearing you analyse this morning!

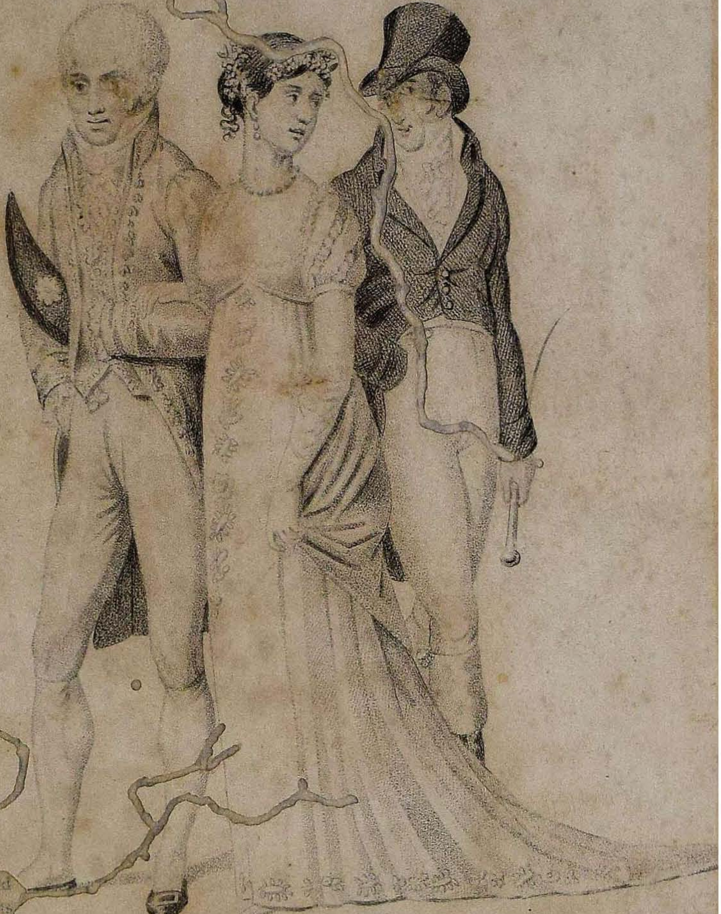
Sainville. What affectation! (*Aloud.*) I have said nothing more than the truth, when I spoke of my partiality for the country; I am destined to live far from towns, I therefore will try to be happy, wherever fate will place me. And as to my private feelings, I think it is perfectly useless to peruse novels to be a man of honour, and my ambition does not aim at a higher title than that of a virtuous member of society.

Pauline (*aside*). What dryness in his expressions!

E. K.

[*To be continued.*]

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



Neck-
necklace and
mond armlets
with rich sil
ameth